

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,428, Vol. 93.

10 May, 1902.

6d.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Lord Salisbury was in great spirits at the Albert Hall on Wednesday. There was much more vigour in his speech than he has sometimes shown of late. The Primrose League seems to invigorate Lord Salisbury. Probably the explanation is that on Primrose League occasions he has to speak only on the greatest questions of imperial policy. He has not to worry himself with the early closing of shops or with temperance or other tyrannical projects which so much disturb him. He had nothing new to say on the war or on peace, naturally, but the tone of what he did say was reassuring. Lord Salisbury is the reverse of pessimistic as to British prospects. He seems to fear nothing but the possibility of a little too much hurry.

Necessarily he conveyed no hint as to the terms which have been offered to the Boers, though he insisted that it will never again be in the power of the Boers to jeopardise British supremacy in South Africa. At the same time Lord Kitchener appears to have sent the Boer leaders back to their commandos with assurances which foreshadow some modification of the attitude hitherto taken up by the British Government. What those assurances amount to can only be conjectured, but judging by the apparent eagerness of the leaders to convince the commandos that a unique opportunity now presents itself for honourable surrender we imagine they are not wholly to be dissociated from the Coronation. In ordinary circumstances Great Britain would be in no mood to amnesty rebels, but there is no reason why the King should not seize the occasion of the Coronation to exercise a clemency universally observed at such a time. If some such hint has been thrown out by Lord Kitchener and taken by the Boer leaders, a good many difficulties will have been removed. If the Boers in the field are recalcitrant and peace does not come before the Coronation, then amnesty may be out of the question. Hence the anxiety of the leaders to meet at Vereeniging at the

earliest possible moment, but it hardly seems likely that they will have completed the work of taking the opinion of the commandos by the 15th inst., the date originally fixed.

The Boer desire for peace should be quickened by events in the field. Lord Kitchener's weekly and other reports account for 400 Boers killed, wounded or captured. In every direction satisfactory progress has been made. The region west of Klerksdorp has been cleared by General Ian Hamilton, and is now, in the words of the Commander-in-Chief, "denied to the enemy, thus facilitating future operations". Ookiep, in the north-west of Cape Colony, which has kept a much superior force at bay for the past month, has been relieved from Port Nolloth, and the enemy consisting of Transvaalers and rebels have been driven south. Their escape, but for the extent of country which has to be guarded by General French, ought to be impossible. The real event of the week, however, has been the new drive in the Orange River Colony, resulting in ten killed and 221 captured between the railway and the Liebenberg Vlei. These were among the most irreconcilable of the enemy in the colony. A glance at the map will show that the extent of country covered amounted to nearly 3,000 square miles. Against the railway blockhouses the Boers could not hope to do much, on the east the drifts of the Liebenberg Vlei were strongly held by General Barker, the position on the south being held by General Elliott. Starting from the north the troops engaged in the drive covered the 50 miles between the Frankfort-Heilbron-Vredefort line and the Kroonstadt-Liebenberg line between dawn and the afternoon. So satisfactory was the drive that on the British side there were no casualties.

Worse than anything that the most pessimistic could have anticipated is the agreement between Mr. Pierpont Morgan and various North Atlantic shipping companies, with the White Star Line at their head. For the sake of £34,000,000 six British companies have handed over five-sevenths of their control to the American trust, and in the teeth of a compact which binds them with hoops of steel for the next ten years, Mr. W. J. Pirrie has the temerity to suggest that the combine will be of great advantage to British shipping. That the six shipping companies had handed over vital British interests to the Morgan syndicate was never in doubt, solemn assurances to the contrary notwithstanding. What we did not foresee was that the trust

would not be content with acquiring control of so large a part of British shipping but would entrap the leading firm of British shipbuilders also. Messrs. Harland and Wolff's undertaking, on conditions which there will be no difficulty in satisfying, to build for only one other body is simply amazing; that other body is the Hamburg-American line; obviously the same high patriotism which has influenced the shipping companies has been operative with Messrs. Harland and Wolff. The first effect of the agreement will be to transfer dividends to America; the second, unless some strenuous action is taken to save the leading firms that remain, the ruin of the British North Atlantic shipping traffic. What steps do the Government purpose to take now that they can no longer plead official ignorance of the facts?

The report of the committee appointed to inquire into the causes of arrears in shipbuilding, issued this week, is a document into which it is necessary to read a good deal. It shows that the Admiralty has fallen behind in carrying out the wishes of the nation and the intentions of the Government from a variety of circumstances over which it had no control. Amongst these are the engineers' strike in 1897, the introduction of an improved armour-plate rendering necessary new machinery, and the failure of two shipbuilding firms. To that extent the Admiralty was unable to help itself, but what the man of affairs wants to know is how far have the responsible authorities taken pains to make up leeway. Apparently the effort was regarded as hopeless, and has therefore not been made. Is that a condition of things which satisfies Mr. Arnold Forster the chairman of the committee? So far as we can judge from the report it does. We venture to think he would not have been content with it in his pre-official days. If it really is beyond the powers of the Admiralty to make good lost ground in so vital a matter, either there is something sadly lacking in the Admiralty arrangements or the country is building ships to the level of its capacity—a conclusion which is hardly less disquieting than Admiralty incompetence.

Opinion concerning the Colonial Conferences which are to follow the Coronation is rapidly crystallising. The whole Empire is awakening to consciousness that great issues hang upon the deliberations of Mr. Chamberlain and the Colonial Premiers. Mr. Deakin, the Attorney-General of Australia, said in Melbourne on Monday that Mr. Barton was leaving on the greatest mission that had ever gone from Australia, and Mr. Barton himself assured the gathering that the Conferences will be no mere appendix to a series of festivities. In 1897 the colonial representatives undertook to do all in their power to further the cause of Imperial solidarity: much has happened since, and 1902 will show how far we have drawn nearer to the reality of Federation. There will no doubt be some straight talk on the part of the Colonial Premiers whilst they are in touch with Mr. Chamberlain. They are coming to London in a very business-like mood if we may judge from their various utterances. Sir Wilfrid Laurier especially will have the opportunity, if he cares to seize it, of informing Mr. Chamberlain of the real sentiments of Canada towards the United States. The anti-Canadian and therefore anti-British action of the Great Republic has developed with the quickening of Canadian loyalty.

Telegrams from S. Thomas in the West Indies give accounts of the occurrence of wide-spreading volcanic disturbances throughout the Leeward and Windward Islands. At S. Pierre the largest town in the French island of Martinique they have caused great loss of life and totally destroyed the shipping. The accounts are still vague as to the actual destruction of life. In a disaster of this kind the first reports are apt to be exaggerated in the imagination of panic. But from the details actually given it must be serious. The particular eruption which has so far caused most damage is that of Mont Pelée in Martinique, but La Soufrière in S. Vincent and the craters in Dominica are said to be becoming dangerously active, and the cables south of S. Lucia have been interrupted.

On the eve of the restoration of Tientsin to the Imperial Government and the reduction of British troops in North China including the legation guards a recrudescence of the Boxer agitation is gathering strength in Chi-li. Naturally it is awkward for the Government to have on its hands just now the duty of repressing attacks on Christian churches and missionaries while European forces are still in the country. There are said to be no less than forty thousand insurgents and the General Yan-shi-Kai is carrying on the campaign by bribing rather than by fighting the leaders. The chief leader is a Mandarin who burnt his boats in the shape of killing his family in case he should not be successful. There is a close connexion between the new outbreaks and the payment of the vast indemnity which is to be made. Silver has enormously depreciated since the indemnity was fixed, and it is becoming impossible to raise it without oppressive taxation—the more oppressive on account of the well-known Chinese official methods of collection. The amount lodged falls short of the sum necessary to be raised in gold, though nominally it is the amount fixed by the Powers. Bret Harte's Heathen Chinee could not have been more suave than the Chinese officials are in arguing that this is not their concern, and that if the exchange has gone down it is the foreigners' look out. Whoever loses they at least stand to gain.

The Emperor of Austria's address to the Delegations at Buda and Count Goluchowski's speech to the Budget Committee of the Austrian Delegation are the most definite statements that have been made as to the renewal of the Triple Alliance. Much of the Count's speech is a reiteration of the well-known objects and effect of the groupings of the two great international compacts, and interest concentrates chiefly on the statement that "the Triple Alliance which expires in May 1903 is now approaching its renewal, the three Cabinets having given each other the formal assurance that it is their firm desire to maintain the Treaty of Alliance existing between them in its full value and at the right time to proceed to the signature of the respective documents". The reserve of this phrasing is evident, and the chief difficulties suggested are the commercial tariff questions between the Austrian and the German Empires which are not lessened by the conflict of interests between the two halves of the Austrian Empire itself. Other references in the speeches express satisfaction with the Russo-Austrian Agreement of 1897 for the maintenance of the position in the near East and the added difficulty, owing to "highly unedifying" Turkish maladministration, of averting an always threatening catastrophe.

At the end of last week the bulletins announced that the Queen of Holland seemed to have passed the dangerous point of the typhoid fever and was gradually recovering strength. On Sunday however what had been anticipated with profound anxiety happened and the Queen was prematurely confined. It was hardly expected that this complication could be survived but the subsequent reports continue to be of a remarkably favourable character considering the nature of the case. Once more the prospects of direct succession to the Dutch throne through the marriage have been disappointed, but at present the prevailing feeling in Holland is relief that the life of the Queen has been spared. In Germany, which is so deeply interested in the Dutch succession, the imminent danger of the Queen caused the alternative lines under the Succession Act to be discussed in the newspapers.

The Education Bill was read a second time in the House of Commons on Thursday. The Government majority rose to 237. This was of course largely due to the Irish Nationalist vote, but not entirely; for the formal Government majority is 134, and the Nationalist vote does not exceed 85 all told. The most important speeches on the last day of the debate, by far the best and most important debate of the session so far, were those of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Arthur Balfour. Mr. Asquith missed his opportunity. The Liberal Imperialists miss so many opportunities that it is diffi-

cult not to suspect that they miss them of set purpose in order to show that they have at any rate one quality in common with the official Liberals. Mr. Asquith should have taken the same line with Mr. Haldane. As it was, his speech left an impression of half-heartedness. It was below Mr. Asquith's form to harp on the rate bogey and the danger to the democracy of abolishing school-board elections; elections which have never been representative anywhere. His attempt to dismiss as an impossible dream Lord Hugh Cecil's plan for giving denominational teaching in all schools alike was based on ignorance. This very plan is acted on to a certain extent now in Board Schools and is recognised in Industrial Schools, in the Army, and the Navy. In view of his attitude towards denominational schools, we cannot but congratulate Mr. Asquith on his courage in appearing on Wednesday on the platform of the Oxford House, a distinctive church, and so denominational, institution.

The speech of Mr. Ellis Griffith in reply to Lord Hugh Cecil afforded an interesting illustration of the decline of Welsh nonconformist religious sentiment. Mr. Ellis Griffith, a successful lawyer and an Imperialist, approaches Mr. Haldane's standpoint and regards education as purely secular. It is the aim of schools in his view to make citizens not Christians. From a Liberal point of view he may be correct, but the very stones of every chapel in his constituency of Anglesea should rise in judgment against him. Modern nonconformist Wales is the creation of the Welsh Sunday School. The founders of Calvinistic Methodism, men like Thomas Charles of Bala and John Elias the Anglesea preacher, strove to make the secular life dependent on the religious and their quarrel with the Church was that it was a secular institution. To educate the children of Wales in religion was the object of their lives. On this question Lord Hugh Cecil stands with the old Welsh Methodists, the M.P. for Anglesea in the mob that stoned them from the Church.

The Nationalist motion impugning the Speaker for not censuring Mr. Chamberlain's "You are a good judge of traitors", which brought out Mr. Dillon's "You are a damned liar", was of course thrown out by a very large majority in the House of Commons on Wednesday. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman trimmed feebly enough, but we do not quite like the tone of Mr. Balfour's speech. One might suppose that Mr. Chamberlain was quite an injured innocent in this matter. As a matter of fact he was distinctly unmannerly in the retort that made Mr. Dillon forget the decencies of debate. It is all very fine to plead, as some do, that Mr. Chamberlain is very impulsive, that his manners have not the repose that stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. He should have withdrawn the offensive words. When Lord Curzon a few years ago fell into an exactly similar error of taste, telling Mr. Davitt, who interrupted, that he knew of course much about prisons, there was a shout of anger; but almost before it arose Lord Curzon withdrew the words and at the end of his speech emphasised the withdrawal. He did the right and courteous thing.

"Taxing the food of the people" was one of the subjects which Mr. Edmund Robertson M.P. thundered about on a London platform last week. Somehow there is always a strong inclination to repeat the word, with which Burchell punctuated Lady Caroline Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs' high and mighty talk, at the conclusion of each of Mr. Robertson's portentous periods. Mr. Robertson was once a Civil Lord of the Admiralty. In the House of Commons one evening during the last Parliament he made an attack on Mr. Chamberlain, thumping the box quite hard. Mr. Chamberlain was tickled. By and by his time came. He reminded the House that Mr. Robertson was an ex-Civil Lord of the Admiralty. Then, turning to his son, who filled that post at the time, he congratulated him on his brilliant prospects. Yet so low have the fortunes of the Liberal party fallen that Mr. Labouchere has mentioned Mr. Robertson as a possible leader of it in the House of Commons.

The interest of the London Water Bill concentrates for the moment on the question what will be the Report of the Joint Committee next Monday? Whether it will persist in excluding the Metropolitan Boroughs and the Urban District Boards and Boroughs outside the London County area in opposition to the plan of the Government's Bill is the point which it has to consider. What seemed like a deadlock when the Government refused to accept the Committee's modifications was at least temporarily averted when the Committee sat to hear the evidence on behalf of the excluded authorities. It is probable that the unexpected opposition will disappear in the new Report which, if the Committee are really weakening, will be professedly founded on the body of new evidence which has been heard during the week. That will save the Committee's "face" and it was probably with this object that it has been hearing evidence directed against its former decision. But even if the Committee remain firm, the only real danger will be lest the Government use this as a pretext for dropping the Bill. For ourselves we think the Committee's amendment sound.

Lord Welby's financial statement to the London County Council is by no means of the alarming nature it is made to appear in some quarters. The chairman of the Finance Committee advised caution but, as he said, in the spirit of the old housekeeper whose privilege it is to grumble at her mistress. The estimated expenditure over revenue for 1902-3 involves an extra rate of a halfpenny in the pound and a deduction from the balance in hand of £97,000. Administrative services require an increase of £16,000 which Lord Welby considers satisfactory as showing that great care has been exercised by the spending committees in a course of expenditure which increased with the natural growth of the public wants. The debt stands now deducting assets at £24,387,000. Since 1889 there has been an increase of about seven millions; and in the same period works involving over thirteen millions and a half of unremunerative debt have been undertaken. The Holborn-Strand improvements will cost over £4,750,000. Two millions have been already spent and of this only £300,000 can be recouped. If no further debt was incurred the present sinking fund would extinguish the Council's debt in thirty-seven years. In 1889 the debt of all the public bodies in London was 105 per cent. of the rateable value: in March, 1901, it was 122 per cent. The interest on the Council's debt charge has increased in that period by a halfpenny.

The Committee for Privileges of the House of Lords decided on Tuesday that the office of Lord Great Chamberlain has devolved on the Marquis of Cholmondeley as to one moiety and on the Earl of Ancaster and Earl of Carrington as to the other. In case they do not agree on a deputy to perform the duties at the Coronation, the King will nominate their deputy. For those who have antiquarian tastes and delight in legal puzzles the case has been a feast of rich things. The Committee heard history going back to the twelfth century and arguments involving questions of law which are very rarely raised, and of which to say the truth hardly anybody nowadays knows anything. But the judgment was very short, and merely adopted certain old decisions of two or three centuries back when precisely similar questions had been raised as to the modes of descent and inheritance of such anomalous legal subjects as offices and dignities. Since 1779 the Willoughby De Eresby and the Cholmondeley families have been joint hereditary Great Chamberlains and so they continue to be. That is the net result of the case which must have cost an enormous amount of money to fight.

If Lord Goschen as chairman of the Royal Literary Fund anniversary dinner was not able to say anything new in pleading the cause of the author in need, he said the old things with a pleasant air of freshness. He neatly summed up the claim of the Fund on the philanthropic purse when he said that the literary works of those who had been assisted would form a library of which any man might well be proud. The object of the Fund

is to help, not the unsuccessful producer of an ephemeral essay or a more ephemeral book, but the scholar, the man of worth, the original thinker and writer who is in temporary difficulties. This perhaps explains why Canon Ainger in his remarks on literature said so much about the duty of critics. With the increase in the output of printed matter criticism has become more than ever important and should assist to keep down the very class whom the Fund does not consider itself called upon to aid.

There were several noticeable features of the meeting on Friday afternoon at the Mansion House called on behalf of University College for the purpose of raising a sum of £1,150,000. In the first place, except on the platform, the meeting was quite unrepresentative of the people who can make donations. Most of the audience was composed of masters, and students, and ex-students, of the College. Next, there was no enthusiasm, and all the speeches were deadly dull. Lastly there was no word said about the undercurrent of opposition which those who know are well aware has been running, and is still running, between the College and the University. The reserve was creditable, but it was nevertheless perceptible. The pecuniary independence of the College would mean that in its combination with the University its own views as to the character of the teaching would prevail, and it would remain a sort of university in little instead of becoming, as the London University would have it, the great school of science. Generalisation is the College's ideal: specialisation the University's. This was the spectre at the feast. By these remarks we are of course not wishing to minimise the importance of raising this large and even larger sums for higher education and research in London.

The speech of the Prince of Wales at the Academy banquet was remarkable for the information it contained about the quickening of the interest taken in art by the Australians. The Prince pointedly asked the President whether it would not be possible for the Academy to hold out some attractions to induce Australian art students who come to Europe to complete their course in London: at present the majority of these confine themselves to Paris. Sir D. Mackenzie Wallace replied for—Literature. With his talk about giants in literature "Max" deals elsewhere. We note that in one of the reference books of personal chit-chat his recreation is described as "change of occupation": so it is to be hoped that he will soon find some amusement other than literature. But seriously the Academy had better abolish the toast of literature if this sort of thing is likely—as we are fearful it is—to occur again.

The Bank returns of Thursday reflected the heavy Treasury disbursements in the reduction of the public deposits of £2,453,230. Other deposits also fell away by £2,300,410, partly carried to the other side of the account in the fall in other securities of £4,443,890—this sum representing the repayment of loans from the market. The feature in the Consol market during the past week has been the success of the new 3 per cent. India loan of £1,500,000 subscribed for by tender at a minimum of 99 per cent. The issue was covered many times over, the average price of accepted tenders being approximately £101 10s. The Funds have maintained strength and with an upward course throughout closed at nearly the best. Colonial stocks have been inquired for and the new issue of £742,000 3 per cent. stock at 96 by the Corporation of Cardiff has further increased the list of gilt-edged securities. Home Railway stocks have been quiet but firm and American rails have been buoyant without attracting much business except of a professional nature. The Mining Market has continued steady with a fair volume of transactions in specialities; the outcome of the conference at Vereeniging is of course most anxiously awaited and pending the result being known it is unlikely that any great change in the market will take place. Other departments of the House have been dull and without any feature of interest. Consols 95½. Bank rate 3 per cent. (6 February, 1902).

HOPE FOR EDUCATION.

THE House of Commons debate on the Education Bill was distinctly encouraging. In most matters we should say that the tone of the House was rather below than above the general level of the country: but curiously enough on questions of education it is very distinctly above it. Nothing could be more marked, or marked more to the advantage of the House, than the difference between the speeches on this Bill made on the platform and those made in the House. And perhaps if the difference can be exactly localised, it is in the "approach-shot". The nonconformist orators of all shades and far too many Churchmen and Conservatives up and down the country have missed their approach, apparently forgetting that the object of the Bill is the improvement of national education. In excuse of Churchmen it may fairly be urged that they were driven to take the Bill as a matter of ecclesiastical polemics by the violent philippics with which the nonconformists led off the discussion. Apparently the House of Commons had come to the conclusion we have often expressed that argument on these differences is idle; that the fundamental difference ecclesiastically between the Liberal and the Tory view will be settled as he will by him who can; that there is nothing to be done but formally to take up your position and appeal to force. The way thus cleared, education could be considered. We do not, of course, mean that religious questions were excluded from debate; their exclusion would have been a great weakness, as Lord Hugh Cecil justly pointed out; but religious questions bore a reasonable proportion to the whole subject of discussion while ecclesiastical prejudice was reduced to the lowest limits possible in an assembly containing Sir William Harcourt.

There was also ground for encouragement in the quality of the speeches delivered. If Mr. Bryce did not strike a very high note in the opening speech, it may be put down to the difficulties of his position. He had to speak to a brief. It was disappointing, certainly, to find one of his intellectual eminence devoting his whole energies to minute criticism of details of machinery: we wonder that he did not see that this was to expose the nakedness of a second-reading case. Sir John Gorst, on the other hand, was quite himself again. No competent and at the same time honest critic can read the speech he made in answer to Mr. Bryce without feeling that in this speaker at any rate we have a really first-class educationist. We should not hesitate to say that Sir John Gorst is by very much the greatest education minister this country has ever had. He never loses sight of the real objective, he is never lost in the intricacies of the machinery set up to attain that object. Most men who call themselves educationists become so enamoured of the smartness, the intricacy, and the general perfection of their weapons that they forget to consider whether they succeed in hitting their mark. That is not Sir John Gorst's way. He recognises that you have not reached the goal of education, no matter how many children you have passed through the most splendid of schools, if "the effect is that the teaching becomes perfectly mechanical, that hardly anything is done to bring out the individual powers of any boy or girl. They learn by rote and mechanically. They cannot find out things for themselves. They have no idea of applying their knowledge, and the consequence is that from those schools we turn out, not intelligent boys and girls who are fitted to go into the technical and higher schools and to profit by the instruction there given, but children who have been taught tricks like a sort of performing animal, who will go through a certain set of performances but possesses no active intelligence and no means of making further progress for itself". Then there were the speeches of Mr. Dillon, Mr. Haldane, Mr. Ernest Gray and Mr. Macnamara: all showing a fair and real appreciation of the issues in debate. And above all there was the truly remarkable speech of Lord Hugh Cecil. That speech shows that if plain living is no more, high thinking yet survives. It is true that all the speeches to which we have called attention were spoken in favour of the Bill; which

may suggest prejudice on our part. But while they spoke in favour of the Bill as a whole, these speakers by no means sat all on the Government side. We believe that any impartial critic, interested in education, would find himself compelled to exclude the speeches of the opponents of the measure and select for approval those we have mentioned.

For on what ground could a genuine educationist vote for the rejection of the whole Bill? Practically all are agreed that within the same local area it is better that all education, primary and secondary alike, and all schools denominational or undenominational, shall be under one authority. That the Bill largely secures. All agree that it is necessary to bring the non-board schools to a higher level in respect of educational machinery and their teaching equipment. This Bill will facilitate that object. All agree that secondary education needs organisation and more financial aid. The Bill makes a distinct move in that direction. It is impossible to make an educational case for rejecting the whole measure, which accounts for two aspects of this debate. None of the experts on either side of the House condemned the Bill as a whole while those who urged its rejection supported their case by arguments directed only to details or shortcomings. Mr. Bryce certainly exposed some weak points in machinery. We agree that the granting of powers over elementary education and the withholding of powers over secondary education to non-county boroughs with a population exceeding 10,000 and urban districts with a population exceeding 20,000 is a weak point. In our view the local authority in both these cases is not strong enough to be the education authority. These areas should be treated as part of the county. But is that a reason for rejecting the whole Bill, which applies mainly to counties and large boroughs? How difficult the opposition to the Bill found its case may be gathered from its resort even to the rate bogey. Here we have Progressives trying to frighten the House with pictures of the enormous rate that will be required to bring up the denominational schools to the proper level. Can these gentlemen tell us how the rate would be less, if they had their way and set up universal school-boards and suppressed the so-called voluntary schools entirely? This talk about rates is not honest argument in the mouth of a school-board Progressive. We are not referring to those, such as Mr. Macnamara, who suggested imperial taxation as a better alternative for rating. We have no objection to that; but it is not an argument for throwing out the Bill: nor did Mr. Macnamara advance it as such.

The other side of the opposition case was the Bill's incompleteness. In short, because the Bill does not give everything, throw it out and get nothing. No one will pretend that the Bill does everything that is wanted. If it did, it would never pass, and would not work if it did pass. The legislation that does good is that which sows seeds, not that which erects perfect machines. That the Bill leaves many things untouched is no argument against it. We have not the smallest difficulty in admitting that the Bill passes over many important and some pressing matters. It does not deal directly even with the question of teachers and their training; with which there is no educational question at all comparable in importance. The teacher is everything. But he is not made out of nothing and he does not stand by himself. The teacher is or should be the culminating point in a series. This Bill deals with earlier stages, whose reform will make the way clearer for the ultimate appearance of the right teacher in sufficient numbers. In the meantime it is evident that very few are alive to the significance of the teacher problem. Even the teachers' own representative would seem not to be so; for Mr. Macnamara's anxiety is reserved for the voluntary schools, in which 38 per cent. of the teachers are certificated against 51 per cent. in the board schools. The real point of those figures, which are sinister enough, is that school-boards with unlimited rating power after thirty years' experience are satisfied to have nearly one out of every two of their teachers imperfectly qualified uncertificated persons. That is a scandal which we

are confident the school-board's successors will make short work of.

As we have said before, we hold that the failure to provide for denominational teaching in all schools is a grave defect in the Bill. It is a defect because it leaves a grievance unremoved, because it will continue the odious competition between two sets of elementary schools, because it leaves a final settlement of the elementary school problem in England still to come. One is compelled with Lord Hugh Cecil to admit that this is an opportunist measure; but it is impossible not also to see, as he sees, that it is good as far as it goes and that it goes a considerable way. To repudiate it because it does not go all the way is the act of a child.

LORD SALISBURY AS SEER.

IN his speech to the members of the Primrose League on Wednesday the Prime Minister reviewed the past, said little or nothing about the present, and wound up with some wise words of caution as to the future. No living statesman is so well equipped as Lord Salisbury for the post of consulting physician to the Empire. If his age has withdrawn him a little from the strife of actual politics, he is all the more fitted to moralise upon our immediate past and to advise us as to the near future. Lord Salisbury's position is unique, not only in his own country, but abroad. He has been for fourteen years Prime Minister of Great Britain, and he has previously filled the posts of Secretary of State for India and for Foreign Affairs. The value of such experience is readily recognised by the British race, apart from political parties, and by our rivals amongst other nations. During the last seventeen years "we have passed through a troublous time of political experience". Egypt, Ireland, and South Africa are written in indelible letters across those pages of our history. In each case the misery, the humiliations, and the expense of lives and money have been the direct consequences of the rhetoric and the short-sightedness of Mr. Gladstone. During the whole of this period the Home Rule controversy has demoralised and embittered our domestic politics. The House of Commons has more than once parted with its dignity and all but lost its usefulness. The withdrawal from the Soudan and the failure to rescue Gordon cost Lord Kitchener twelve years of patient organisation and nearly landed us in a war with France. The restoration of its independence to the Transvaal after Majuba, (in order that Mr. Gladstone might concentrate his mind upon an Irish Land Bill), has cost us the present "great and serious war". This is a heavy price to pay for an organ voice, a picturesque appearance, and a few volumes of verbose speeches. But the practical and sentimental British nation have ever been the slaves of rhetoric. We agree with Lord Salisbury that the South African war has not been all loss: "We have greatly won." We had come to believe that we were to be allowed to hold our vast empire without challenge, and Kruger's ultimatum rudely broke our dream. We are unquestionably more efficient as a fighting nation than we were in 1899, though that, we fear, is not saying much. But we are, at least, alive to some of our deficiencies; we are alert, on our guard, and that is very much. But when Lord Salisbury complains that the South African war has not been kept entirely "out of the bounds of party conflict", and that the Government "have not entirely enjoyed a judicial treatment", we are bound to say that we cannot remember any wars in history with reference to which opposition politicians have assumed the impartiality of the bench. Unless our memory betrays us, there was not much "judicial treatment" accorded by Bolingbroke and Harley to Marlborough and the Whig Ministers, nor by Fox to Pitt, nor later by the Opposition to Wellington and his employers during the Peninsular campaigns. At the time of the Crimean war Bright assailed Lord Palmerston with quite injudicial asperity, though it is true that Mr. Disraeli's attitude at that date would compare very favourably with that of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman since 1899. Nor do we think that Lord Salisbury is quite fair to Mr. Morley

when he accuses him of "a grave departure from that judicial assignment of merit and of blame which in such a crisis we have a right to expect". Mr. Morley did not say that could the Cabinet have foreseen the length and cost of the war in 1899 they would have submitted to Kruger's ultimatum and the invasion of British territory by the Boers. Had Mr. Morley made such a statement, Lord Salisbury would have been justified in meeting it "with the most indignant denial". Mr. Morley did say that if the Cabinet, by some magic process, could have foreseen the results of their policy, they would have "checked the diplomacy" that led to those results—a very different statement from the one denied by the Prime Minister, and one which we should say any member of the Opposition was entitled to make.

It was not expected that Lord Salisbury would tell the public anything about the negotiations for peace, "even if I knew more than I do", which we can well believe is very little. The reiteration of the assurance that the Government will not recede from their claim to absolute British supremacy over the conquered Boer States was surely superfluous, for nobody imagines now that anything of the kind is contemplated. The crux of the present situation as regards peace is the treatment of the Cape Colonists who have fought for or assisted the Boers both in the Cape Colony and in the Transvaal and Orange River States. The cases of rebels, taken individually, differ very much; there are many cases, for instance, of Cape Colonists having been forced to join the enemy. We note it as a sign favourable to a pacific solution that the Prime Minister said, "there are many things on which discussion may arise, many points on which men may reasonably hold different opinion".

No part of the Prime Minister's speech was more impressive than the peroration, when turning his back upon the past and the present he cast the gaze of the seer upon the future. The war "has left the world changed in some respects": it has deepened the love of our colonists and the hatred of our rivals. "We are at the commencement of a movement of causes, of opinions, and of feelings which will end in changes largely modifying the present distribution of power, and the present distribution, I may say, of allegiance." We wish we knew what Lord Salisbury meant by this cryptic and oracular saying. Is he referring merely to the Boer provinces? or does he foresee the absorption of Great Britain by the United States? or is he hinting at the partition of China? Whatever this particular sentence may mean, there is wise statesmanship in the advice not to handle impatiently the new phenomena by which the Empire is confronted. The war has evoked an outburst of loyalty from the colonies, which has issued for the first time in practical assistance to the mother-country. It is only natural that a certain school of politicians, the impatient school, Lord Salisbury would say, should be anxious to express this change of sentiment by some immediate change of the political relations between the mother and the daughter states. As it is now beyond doubt that the young British States of the new world intend to throw in their lot with Great Britain, a closer legislative union must be devised for purposes of commerce and defence. Imperial Federation is a plausible, even a seductive idea: but against its premature or impatient handling Lord Salisbury warns this country with all the earnestness at his command. "There is no danger that appears to me more serious for the time that lies before us than an attempt to force the various parts of the Empire into a mutual arrangement and subordination for which they are not ready, and which may only produce a reaction in favour of the old state of things. . . . If we will be patient and careful, there is a tremendous destiny before us; if we are hasty, there may be the reverse of such a destiny, there may be the breaking apart of those forces which are necessary to construct the majestic fabric of a future Empire." Imperial Federationists may not unreasonably be inclined to chafe at this trite and somewhat ancient warning, but in this instance it is based on a profound knowledge of human nature, and an unrivalled experience of political arrangements.

THE RUSSIAN MENACE.

THIS country has always before her two dangers of almost equal importance, the Russian and the American. The latter is the more remote, the former the less difficult to conjure away by timely preparations. By this time it has become almost an accepted theory in England that Russia can have no ill designs against us because she has remained passive during the struggle in South Africa. This comfortable self-assurance has unfortunately to be countered by two reflexions which forbid us to accept it. In the first place the passivity of Russia is a fiction, in the second if she has refrained from any open movements of hostility it is because she does not believe the time is ripe or because she is not yet quite sure that she would win in a great struggle. Russia has infinite patience. Her statesmen always act as if they had the whole of the ages wherein to bring their policy to perfection. They do not make premature declarations of policy in order to score a party triumph or to trump the best card of a Parliamentary Opposition. Lord Rosebery, who has been twice Foreign Minister and ought to know, used these phrases of Russian policy which we quote because they so exactly mark the point we wish to make. The policy of Russia, he said, "is practically unaffected by the life of man or the lapse of time, it moves on as it were by its own impetus; it is silent, concentrated, perpetual and unbroken; it is therefore successful". With such a rival as this to face it is just as well that we should not delude ourselves with fantastic proposals of sweeping treaties of perpetual amity "squaring everything up all round", both parties after completing these desirable instruments to go on their way rejoicing, having forever got rid of the tiresome necessity of watching narrowly the other's movements. The authors of these proposals are they who cite the recent apparent unwillingness of Russia to take advantage of our difficulties in South Africa as a sign of sincere friendliness, but as a matter of fact Russia has been quietly and persistently active.

Though at the death of Abdur Rahman no serious disturbances took place in Afghanistan and there was no overt attempt on Russia's part to overawe or wheedle the new ruler into an alliance with herself, it would not be wise to assume that affairs in that strange land are likely to go smoothly. Unlike his predecessor, the present ruler is by no means a very strong man and his throne may be shaken at any moment by a skilfully fomented rising which may again give an excuse for Russian advance. In the opinion of the best judges the state of Afghanistan demands the sharpest vigilance on our part. But strife will not be undertaken for Afghanistan, though it may well begin through Afghanistan. That country in such case will be used only to promote the interests which will be at stake elsewhere.

The recent joint declaration of France and Russia has been treated on the whole in this country as a mere flourish of trumpets to conceal the real chagrin felt by its signatories at the diplomatic triumph of a rival. This point of view has even been assumed by eminent French publicists who might have been expected to take a wider view of the action of their own statesmen. That declaration will not necessarily be merely a diplomatic answer to what might be considered a challenge. It must be remembered that in the French colonies in Indo-China there is a pushing and intelligent school of forward politicians who are crying out for a more active policy in Siam and an advance all along the line. If such French activity should coincide with similar Russian activity in China, Persia and the Afghan frontier, we shall have need of all the strength we can put forth together with our ally. All who know the nature of Russian aims and policy are well aware that such movements are contemplated. Whether they will take place or not depends entirely upon how far we may be considered as prepared to meet them. It is in Persia perhaps more than elsewhere that the persistent policy of Russia has been most evident during the last few years. The public has been content to survey her operations with unconcern and, if we are to accept the advice of some would-be instructors of the public, all that remains for us to do in order to make things pleasant all round is to hand to Russia a port on the

Persian Gulf, thus giving her the chance of exploiting Southern Persia as she has already exploited Northern. It is now an established fact that Russian influence, Russian trade and Russian finance are predominant in Persia north of the great salt desert. Our own is as pre-eminent at present in the south and in the districts immediately north of the Persian Gulf. It is Englishmen who have organised and who keep in order the great trade routes between the Gulf and the interior. In 1900 more than three-quarters of the total tonnage of vessels entering and clearing at the principal ports of the Persian Gulf were British, 766,000 out of 963,000 tons. Our paramount interests in those regions require no further demonstration. We are asked to assent to the handing over of a port to Russia in order that her legitimate ambitions may be satisfied and that we may have peace ever after. A little reflection demonstrates that any such arrangement will be but the beginning of strife. Russia does not acquire ports in distant seas without connecting them by railways with the heart of her empire, and after acquiescing in her acquisition of a port we could not be so churlish as to deny the railways which would soon mean the extension of Russian influence over Southern Persia and the swamping of British trade. We must not forget the further serious drawbacks that will result. We shall have to keep a large fleet in the Persian Gulf, we shall find our position in India far more assailable, for Russia would then have turned our flank. We may well ask its advocates who so glibly urge us to embark upon this novel and perilous course, what advantage we could reap in return for these certain perils? We are told we should receive the eternal friendship of Russia. The whole story of Russian policy shows that her interests in the East cannot be reconciled with ours; they run counter to them in every quarter and can only be really satisfied by such concessions as would imperil not only our own safety but the peace of Europe.

But whether we like it or not, the aims of Russia in the East are not obscure and they are pursued with dogged persistence. As arrangements to cover the whole field of policy are clearly not matter for serious consideration, we may make up our minds that any day we may have to encounter a Russian advance. This can only be done by a steady maintenance of our forces in those parts at a high level and, it may be, an increase in our army. The most telling recommendation of such a sensible policy to the taxpayer perhaps may be that it is the best insurance against any actual outbreak of hostilities. It is almost certain that Russia would not enter, for these objects, into a long, exhausting and doubtful struggle. She would prefer to bring into play her almost boundless capacity for biding her time.

A NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS.

IT was not Napoleon who first used the phrase a "nation of shopkeepers" but a Scotsman, and he in fact did not make any special appropriation of it to England. Perhaps the first man to use it with its malicious application was—*mirabile dictu*—an American, Samuel Adams who appears a year after Adam Smith to have repeated it in a speech—of course an "oration"—at Philadelphia. Napoleon was only a plagiarist at secondhand. Adam Smith used it in making his attack on the then Colonial system which consisted in making the colonies sell their goods to us and to nobody else; and where they had to sell they had as a consequence to buy. This certainly does seem very much like shopkeeping, but in the process of time we have at least lost some of the taint which has clung to us in the estimation of our neighbours ever since we began to be prosperous. In our best days it was unfair because it happens that all the other great colonising nations, the Spaniards, the Dutch and the French, had exactly the same notions about exclusive dealing. Excepting the conquests of Napoleon, who had the notions of the conquerors of old times, all the conquests that have been made in modern Europe have been made chiefly on account of trade, and one nation has been no more a nation of shop-

keepers than another. Before we beat the Dutch we charged them with the same contemptible trading spirit. "In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch is giving too little and asking too much." We had afterwards to bear the same stigma, and the curious thing is that we have had its imprint on us whether we were trading under Protection or Free Trade. It is not at all more true of us than it has been or is of others, though there are plenty of signs that the petty spirit of trading merely for the sake of making bargains, and buying and selling things in huckstering fashion is one of the most ominous of growths amongst us.

At the present time we are buying and selling more things than we make, and we are more a nation of traffickers than of producers. We do not grow our own corn or make our own flour, but we breed plenty of corn-factors and middlemen. We do not build so many ships: but we sell what we have to American "combiners", and of any other considerations than the making of money out of the deal the people who sell them are supremely indifferent. In the articles we have published in this Review on the subject of British Trusts, it has been abundantly shown that one of the peculiar features of modern English commerce is the desire for getting rid of businesses which were created in more strenuous days, and to use their reputation and produce as a mere factor in stock and share transactions. Since trade was declining in most of the businesses that have been combined into British Trusts their selling price was enormously above their value, and it is not surprising that when such bad bargains were made there should be a subsequent record of directorial incapacity which would have prevented the businesses from being successful even in more favourable circumstances. Most of the buying and selling is mere trafficking in things that do not imply any increase of our productive power. The desire and crave for dealing in things, in the hope that in the process of manipulating the market some jugglery will result in the creation of artificial profits, is the real indication of the shopkeeping spirit. This has always been regarded with contempt by every nation during its best periods. The hatred of usury was part of the same feeling, which was founded on the healthy principle that a man's work is to produce things, not to chaffer about them. Commerce only becomes shopkeeping when it ceases to be the instrument for aiding the great productive forces by which the material development of the world is effected. It is not until it reaches this stage that dangerous symptoms have developed in the life of a commercial people. When we were building up our commercial industrial supremacy at the time Adam Smith used the phrase we were at the beginning of a great productive period. The important question is whether our buying and selling represents a healthy and continuing productive side of our national life, or whether it has grown beyond that natural condition. That it has, at any rate for the present, seems undoubted.

Other examples can be quoted besides those taken from business life. We are not only selling our ships to foreigners but our art and antiquarian treasures. There was a time when the English aristocracy were the chief collectors of all that was beautiful and great in the arts and literature. Great pictures, great statuary, rare and great books were stored up in such profusion that the English collections became the richest in the world. Their owners were proud of the distinction which these collections gave them and they passed as heirlooms with the estates. But now a process of rapid dissolution is going on amongst them. Anyone who has a treasure is only too eager to sell it. He deems himself fortunate if he can barter it for money, which in these vulgar days is a more appreciated and coveted distinction than the ownership of a gallery of great masters or the contents of all the great libraries in the country. Nor do these collections go to Englishmen who would keep them in their own country. They are sold to foreigners, chiefly Americans. Our national institutions have no chance in the competition. Very few great collections in the country are safe from being broken up and sold on purely shopkeeping

principles, quite irrespective of their destination, and the loss to the national life which must result from their dispersion into other countries.

These are ominous signs. Collections of artistic and literary treasures have always grown up during the vigorous and productive periods of a nation's life, and they have been dispersed either by force or by such sales as now go on in England when the nation has become decadent. Is that the interpretation to be put upon the contrast presented by England as a nation anxious to have these things in her possession and as one engaged in getting rid of them as fast as possible? What I hold I keep is the maxim of a man in full enjoyment of his virility, but it is possible even for such a man to have reckless or despondent moods when he seems to have lost his hold on his higher purposes.

The classes of facts we have been speaking of may appear trivial to some, but they are significant in any discussion of the nation's progress or retrogression. They are indications of a kind of materialism which is not a favourable prognosis of a nation's health. But we must not be in a hurry to declaim against materialism without making distinctions. There is an idealism and a moral and religious basis of character which, as Lord Hugh Cecil declared in his fine peroration on Tuesday, is of far more importance than greatness of trade and territory and the question of the trade returns. That is always to be understood, and yet we have got to look after our material interests too. Imperialism to England in these days represents that great fact, however much the word and the idea may have been vulgarised and associated with what is sordid and unworthy. The maintenance of our trade and the increase of our material resources are not at all unworthy elements in our notions of Imperialism. Our decay in these things means the impossibility of fulfilling any of the higher purposes of national life. The founding of a great empire for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers is, as Adam Smith said, a project fit only for a nation of shopkeepers, but, as he added, a nation of shopkeepers could not do it; and it would only be attempted by a government influenced by shopkeeping ideas. Yet nothing is more certain than that if we lose our customers our Empire goes, and with it goes the Imperialism which, as Lord Hugh Cecil defined it, was received with cheers by Ministerialists and the Opposition alike: the Imperialism that wishes to see this country great and powerful because it carries Christian civilisation over the face of the globe. A shopkeeping nation is not one that is wealthy and powerful commercially, but one that carries on its trade with no ideas implicit in it beyond those of turning everything into money. In spite of all that has been said of late, chiefly arising out of the war, there was never a time when our relations with the colonies and possessions that compose our Empire was freer from this spirit. But in such facts as those we have pointed out there are indications of the existence of a commercialism which is sordid and if it continues to grow is dangerous.

"L'AMI DES JEUNES."

SHORTLY before the Boulevard S. Germain crosses the Boulevard S. Michel, comes the Rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie. A shabby street, the essentials of shabby streets: zinc bars—"Viens prendre un verre sur le zinc, mon vieux"—a recess in which chestnuts and pancakes are cooked over a pail of glowing charcoal, the aged cobbler and strong charbonnier in strange partnership behind one grimy window (every possible repair for 1f. 25c., coal almost by the kilogramme), the musty milliner's, the greasy coiffeur's, the "Grand Bazaar". Miscellanies in the last, of course. The souvenir of Paris: Notre Dame on a tea-cup, the Eiffel Tower on a milk jug. Countless souvenirs,—yet one wanting. Why not a souvenir of that dim, quiet retreat, which, at this season two years ago, closed its doors and thus announced the end of the Café Procope? Voltaire's café! There, he played chess; there to the last, in a side salle, stood his table, scarred and chipped. Rousseau was a visitor. Marat and Danton plotted in the place. On the walls were

their portraits: Rousseau sauntering through a garden, Voltaire at chess. Beams; pillars; an archway of oak. Old mirrors, old chairs, old chandeliers; old to the extent of one hundred and fifty years, the Café Procope. But closed for ever—and, at the "Grand Bazaar" opposite, no souvenir. A workman's restaurant, now. Din three times a day; in the intervals, the bloated proprietor counts up the receipts. Commerce! What wonder that M. Théo de Bellefond—late and last proprietor of the Café Procope—shuns the street!

And we ourselves have persistently avoided the Rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie, and all once faithful habitués of the café refuse to enter it. Did not a good poet recently stop his cocher, saying, "Choose another street", has not Bibi la Purée repeatedly declared that, "there, one no longer meets Bibi, Verlaine's friend"? And M. Théo de Bellefond—hereafter Théo tout court—appreciated this delicacy, and, with sincere emotion, said, "Ah, mon cher, you wrote your first poem in the Procope . . . at Voltaire's table. And you, Bibi, you found your first umbrella in the Procope . . . beneath the archway". And the poet murmured, "It was sad, my poem"; and Bibi admitted, "It was a silk umbrella, cher Maître". Good, kind, ever-delightful Théo! Affectionately do we recall the days when, in slippers, a soft shirt, and with a great black bow at your neck, you received the Jeunesse of the Latin Quarter night after night in the Café Procope. You were portly. Your pointed beard and small moustache had gone grey; your fine head was almost bald, and you needed pince-nez. But you were young, as young as the Jeunesse: alert, interested in all things, enthusiastic: a humanitarian, an optimist. How you encouraged, how you aided the Jeunesse! Paul, poet, and Gaston, playwright, could not create masterpieces in their stuffy chambres meublées. They would walk to and fro, to and fro; they would rehearse an "effect"—the Procope then, the Procope immediately. And there Paul and Gaston walked and walked, wrote and wrote: used up all Théo's paper and ink, spoilt his pens, and finally led Théo into a corner where they read him their masterpieces for hours at a stretch. And Théo listened, ordered back. And Théo applauded, or was gently critical. And when every editor and every publisher in Paris had refused the masterpieces—so that Paul and Gaston returned limp and dejected to the Procope, with the bitter announcement that their manuscripts would have to lie hidden until a new publisher arose or an old editor died—then Théo, sympathetic and conciliatory, cried, "I will be your editor, your publisher: for I will found a magazine. Garçon, des bocks. Now, my friends, we will drink to the health of—'Le Procope'". And so—for the Jeunesse—a magazine. Strife, however; constant worries. Paul would immediately bring out his poem, an interminable poem. Gaston would immediately publish his play, a five-act tragedy. When Théo protested, Paul and Gaston sulked. When Théo pointed out that either work would fill five numbers of "Le Procope", Paul and Gaston replied "So much the better for the magazine". Paul demanded that his poem should appear before Gaston's tragedy—so, between Paul and Gaston, coldness, scowls. Up came Pierre with a realistic novel; Aimery with a stock of impressionist sketches; Xavier with reams of savage essays. Hot discussions, bitter repartee; even threats. Often, Théo was to be seen exhausted, his hand pressed to his brow. Upstairs, pile upon pile of manuscripts; downstairs, more manuscripts in creation. Too much eloquence, too much genius! Constantly Théo—in the dimmest corner—received pencilled notes—from other corners—praying for an audience. And Théo would sigh, Théo would reply, "Tout de suite". But Théo would escape to the Luxembourg Gardens if possible; and there plan out new schemes. Dozens he rejected as impracticable; then he determined to hold entertainments in the salle upstairs at which Paul, Gaston, and others might be heard "dans leurs œuvres". And so—for the Jeunesse—"Les Soirées Procope". A revolution this time, however; a veritable revolution. Paul would recite his poem, the interminable poem. Gaston would produce his play, the five-act tragedy. Up came Albert with a sheath of songs; André with a heavy dossier of

dialogues; Raymond with a series of bewildering lectures on "The Seven Arts". The stage was too small; the piano was out of tune—and Gaston demanded limelight. Upstairs, the *salle* in chaos; downstairs, the *Jeunesse* in hysterics. But always amiable, always benevolent, Théo. Little escapes to the Luxembourg Gardens, certainly; and more frequently, and of longer duration. But always devoted, always generous, Théo. "Le Procope" appeared irregularly, and the "Soirées Procope" had often to be postponed. But always interested, always an optimist, Théo. In calmer moments, he would disclose ambitions, dreams. A country place—where the *Jeunesse* could rest—was one of them. He had his eye upon such a spot, isolated yet not far from Paris. A picturesque hotel, *mon cher*. Old, and rambling. On a river. In the distance, woods. Three miles from the station: so some conveyance. Here, Théo clasped his hands—then, slowly, ecstatically, he said, "Un diligence!" Yes, a diligence as in olden times, the driver dressed appropriately. A long whip, which would crack. Dust rising, as the diligence dashed along the lanes. And then . . . the arrival! A cobbled courtyard; and in the courtyard, chicken, ducks. "Ça serait doux", smiled Théo.

Then, the Dreyfus Days. How false was our prophecy that the Procope would remain indifferent, neutral! Why—Paul forgot his poem, Gaston himself resolved to postpone the production of his tragedy *sine die*. "Le Procope" appeared more irregularly than ever. "Les Soirées Procope" were suspended. And Théo became a politician, an orator. At Voltaire's table, meetings. Whereas one said "*mon cher*" a month ago, now one was addressed as "*Citoyen*". That sounded important, that excited: shade of the Revolution, of the Siege, of the Commune! Again, 1789 and 1870! Gambetta is held responsible for one of the cracks across Voltaire's table. Marvellous that another fist did not cause another crack; the fist of the "*Citoyen Théo de Bellefond*"! But Théo, if anti-Dreyfusard, was too humane to advocate persecution. Among the habitués of the Procope was a Jew—a journalist, and not of the *Jeunesse*. Unpopular with some reason in the Latin Quarter, he was followed and insulted one night; and so he sped to Théo's, and sought protection. "Upstairs", cried Théo; and shortly after a mob assembled before the café, and shouted, "Where is Théo?" At the doorway immediately, the good host of the Procope. "*Citoyens*", he asked, "what do you want?" "*Citoyen*", replied the leader of the mob, "the Procope contains a Jew. Expel him". Then, throwing up one arm and raising his voice, Théo announced superbly: "*Citoyens, I am a patriot. Citoyens, the Procope hides no Jew. Citoyens, cry with me—Vive la France*". And the mob shouted "*Vive la France*", and then "*Vive le citoyen Théo*"; and Théo bowed and bowed, and said, "*Citoyens, je vous remercie*". . . . Some nights later, a dozen stout men surrounded Voltaire's table: the chief tradesmen of the quarter, no less! And Théo in the chair. Each tradesman had a heavy stick, with which he thumped on the floor as mark of approbation. Each tradesman invariably addressed his colleagues as—"*Citoyens*". What gravity, what deep-voiced oratory! grunts, and "*très bien*"! A deep, deep voice from a stout, stout man: "I have not the eloquence of the *Citoyen Blondel*. I agree with him that Dreyfus is a traitor". No more! An ovation, nevertheless: thump, thump went the sticks. And then the turn of the *Citoyen Petitjean*. Yet, in the end, no resolution was carried, no programme had been determined upon. Tremendous dignity on the part of the orators, however. Solemnly they dispersed, saying, "*Bon soir, citoyen*".

So—Théo had become a politician, an orator. The *Affaire Dreyfus* had done that; the *Affaire Dreyfus* is wholly responsible for the hundreds of politicians and orators who still address one another as "*citoyen*" and still are "*En Campagne*". And, for Théo's sake, we rejoice at the prolongation of the campaign: in the excitement of hastening from meeting to meeting, in the triumph of occupying the chair and receiving an ovation, Théo has but small leisure in which to recall his reign at the Café Procope, the first cruel awakening that departure was inevitable, the last night of all. At

Voltaire's table, a six hours' sitting—Théo entertaining the *Jeunesse* until dawn. Let the ceremony remain unrecorded. Or, rather let it be said that the *Jeunesse* embraced Théo, that Théo embraced the *Jeunesse*, and that Théo and the *Jeunesse* cried. Verlaine's friend—"the original with an amazing past"—asked with tears streaming down his sunken, furrowed cheeks, "What will become of Bibi, the only Bibi la Purée?" To-day, the *Jeunesse* preserves with something akin to reverence the programmes of "*Les Soirées Procope*", the entire collection of the magazine; to-day, whenever Bibi is photographed, or portrayed umbrella in hand on a postcard, or made the subject of a bust, he seeks out Théo, gift in hand. And to-day, although he clears his throat and dries his eyes if the Café Procope be kindly mentioned, Théo is still alert, interested in all things, enthusiastic—young. Still, and ever, a humanitarian, an optimist, Théo; in spite of politics, in spite of the denunciations that attend all oratory. We would meet him often, as in days gone by. We would discuss with him his beloved Balzac, his dear Victor Hugo; hear him recite passages from "*Ruy Blas*" and "*Hernani*", and listen to the half-apologetic half-amused account of how he and a good Swiss friend sat up all night many years ago in a vast wine-cellar near Geneva, and there—surrounded by barrels, seated on the two biggest barrels—ate and drank and smoked, and chanted the "*Marseillaise*" and Béranger ditties. But lately we have seen little of the kindly Théo. Think, the elections! A telegram postpones our appointment at the last moment. A petit bleu invites us to attend a meeting. The second ballot, *mon cher*! Here, there and everywhere, is Théo. Théo is necessarily "*En Campagne*". Superbly, at eight o'clock to-night, Théo will begin:

"Citoyens!"

THE STORY OF THE GREAT SEAL.

ON the death of the reigning monarch the virtue of the Great Seal ceases and a new seal becomes a constitutional necessity. Such has recently been the fate of the Great Seal of Queen Victoria which has now become the perquisite of the Lord High Chancellor. The seal which is made in two portions, the obverse bearing a different design from the reverse, remains intact. It is "damasked" by the new monarch, an operation which consists in giving the seal a slight blow whereupon its efficacy is for ever gone. A well known instance of this ancient procedure on the accession of William IV. gave rise to rival claims by two Chancellors, Lyndhurst and Brougham, the one being Chancellor when the old seal was damasked the other being in office when the new Seal was made. The King, emulating the wisdom of Solomon, ordered half the seal to be set in silver and given to Brougham, the other half similarly set he bestowed upon Lyndhurst.

Great reverence has been shown from the earliest times for the "*clavis regni*" as Lord Coke terms the Great Seal. Round it has gathered a store of curious learning and antiquated practice. Concealed in its immemorial purse its history is wrapped in mystery, sometimes in romance, and it is always associated with the fate of the nation. Its precise origin is difficult to ascertain. Edward the Confessor had a Great Seal, the Norman kings were represented on the one side enthroned and on the reverse seated on horseback. John actually put the Great Seal up to auction and sold it to Walter de Gray during the term of his natural life for the sum of 5,000 marks, but after six years de Gray parted with it not entirely of free will. The custodian of the seal was not necessarily the Chancellor, his title properly was Lord Keeper, a distinction which occurs as late as the eighteenth century. There is one instance at least of a Lady Keeper, Queen Eleanor wife of Henry III. who kept the Great Seal when her husband was in Gascony in 1253. At that period the seal was usually engraved *Rex Angliæ et Franciæ* on one side and *Rex Franciæ et Angliæ* on the reverse. To counterfeit the Great Seal was at all times a heinous crime. Bracton speaks of it as high treason, and Glanville writes to the same effect. By the statute of 25 Edward III. it was declared to be high treason, and with trifling exceptions it has remained so to this day. The object

aimed at was not the benefit of the King but the protection and safeguarding of the privileges of the subjects. Once the Great Seal was affixed to any document nothing could avail against it. By a false seal the King might without his Chancellor's knowledge improperly barter away the legal rights of his subjects. The rule that the Great Seal must never go outside the kingdom is of comparatively modern growth. In Plantagenet times it was frequently taken abroad and during its absence another seal was made and used in its stead. Of this practice there were instances in the reign of Edward I. Yet in later years we find it alleged as one of the articles of impeachment against Wolsey that he took the Great Seal out of the kingdom, namely to Calais, without the authority of the King or of Parliament.

The loss of the Great Seal was a serious affair of state, for without it the business of the kingdom could not be conducted. There is the well known instance of James II. throwing the Great Seal into the Thames on the eventful night of 10 December, 1688, when he fled from Westminster on his way to France. It was shortly afterwards recovered in the net of a fisherman near Lambeth, and the lucky finder was handsomely rewarded. After the battle of Worcester in 1651 the Great Seal of Charles II. was lost, probably it was thrown into the Severn; at any rate it was never seen again. This did not dislocate the national business, because some years before the Long Parliament had ordered a new Great Seal to be prepared to take the place of the one which had been carried away by Charles I. to Oxford. The custody of this new seal was entrusted to six Commissioners. There was much discussion and considerable opposition before this vital step was taken. No precedent was to be found for making a new Great Seal when the original seal was within the kingdom and still retaining its potentiality. In support of the resolution of the Commons the learned Prynne wrote an elaborate treatise of justification setting forth reasons why the action of Parliament was necessary and lawful.

It is a common error to imagine that the seal is never in the custody of the monarch. No doubt it was properly meant to be in the custody of a subject for the better protection of the rights of the subjects, but when the King went abroad, he not infrequently took the seal with him. During the absence of the Great Seal a lesser seal was made and used, which itself was always placed in a purse with much solemnity and kept under several other seals only to be taken out and used for great matters of state. The Plantagenet kings were wont to hold the Great Seal in their own hands for days together much to the dissatisfaction of the barons. Thus we read that Edward II. sent the Bishop of Winchester to the Lord Chancellor, then in London, commanding the latter to hand over the seal, whereupon it was carried by Adam de Osgodby to the King at Windsor where Edward was hunting and was kept there for five days. Nor was this the only occasion when Adam de Osgodby carried the Great Seal to and from the King and the Chancellor, for Edward would often send for it to seal some charter or gift on the intercession of one of his favourites. In these days the seal goes with the Chancellor wherever he goes, but this is a modern growth in practice. The customs of the holders of the seal varied greatly. When the Chancellor of Henry III. went to France he surrendered the Great Seal into the custody of the Keeper of the Wardrobe to be retained during his absence. It was carefully placed in a bag or purse to which were affixed three several seals. Whenever the seal was required each of the three great officers whose seals were thus used had to attend on the seals being broken and the Great Seal taken out; then they all carefully resealed the purse when the seal had been replaced in it. Again at another period we find that if the Lord Chancellor went on a journey to a distant part of the kingdom he usually entrusted the seal during his absence to two clerks of the King. Very minute and elaborate are the recorded precautions to safeguard its existence and sanctity. In early days of course few could sign their own names. It was the common custom of every man to signify his consent to a document by his seal alone and to this rule the

monarch was no exception. When he signed in his private capacity he had his signet for ordinary matters such as correspondence; other affairs which in some measure touched the public interest were put under the Privy Seal; but the business of the nation could only be transacted properly under the Great Seal. No signature was attached, the seal of itself sufficed. Occasionally the King would add his initials. At times of great urgency he might add a minute or note in his own handwriting, "we will that this matter be speeded without delay". One noteworthy exception appears to have arisen early and hardened into inveterate custom. When the monarch sent a message to Parliament he placed his signature at the head and at the foot thereof.

The transfer of the Great Seal from one Chancellor to his successor has been made in strange places and on eventful occasions. The tent of the monarch in the hunting field, where in the presence of two ecclesiastics it was handed to a Bishop, the keep of a border castle, the hall of an Oxford college, the royal bedchamber, in turn have been recorded by the chronicler. The fitting spot for the surrender of the seal to the incoming Chancellor was the marble table in Westminster Hall, and so the custom grew that "the occupant of the marble chair" was a synonym for the Lord Chancellor. Until Stuart times the Keeper of the Seal was generally an ecclesiastic, since then he has been the political head of the legal profession.

THE ACADEMY.

"M. DIDIER-POUGET is as usual an annual delight with his heather blossom landscape in the early morn."

The style of the writers who send over skirmishing reconnaissances of the Salon before the regulars of criticism bring their arms of precision to bear has always excited my wonder and envy. The phrase I have quoted is not a solitary flash. The writer who wired it goes round a whole exhibition turning off without an effort descriptions each one of which carries to the ear a lavish admiration and an irresistible yawn. When he comes across a Gérôme, it is "a wondrously fresh pagan presentment". Suppose Mr. Tadema the recipient of this compliment. He could find no fault with its form or intention. His picture is certainly a "pagan presentment", and he is assured that it is a fresh and even a wondrously fresh pagan presentment. And yet, such indiscreet things are innocent words put together, that behind all the flattering intention of the writer M. Gérôme or Mr. Tadema would inevitably see a bored or wandering-eyed reporter saying to himself What in the world shall I say this time about the great man? Now the critic who should use such phrases with the full intention of their unintended meaning would be really equipped for writing about an Academy exhibition: he would indulge neither in desperate silences, heavy attacks nor laborious expositions of his ennui: he would turn to some butterfly-headed writer of columns in a lady's paper and say, "Do tell me what you are going to say about this splendid picture of Mr. So-and-So" and then he would write down "M. Didier-Pouget is as usual an annual delight with his heather blossom landscape in the early morn". As I went round the Academy I could not help asking myself whether I too, with my views on the whole thing, had not also become too much "as usual an annual delight"; in any case the phrase haunted me before picture after picture, melodious, honorific, fatuous, and I could think of no other. I murmured a hundred times "M. Didier-Pouget is as usual an annual delight with his heather blossom landscape in the early morn".

Being too artless to write like this intentionally and unwilling to do it unintentionally, I will note, as faithfully as I can, the pictures that sent that phrase about its business. If then I do not speak, for example, about Mr. Orchardson, be it understood that having long ago paid a full tribute to his powers, I do not find anything in "Sir John Leng" to add to one's ideas about the painter of "Sir Walter Gilbey". The most surprising picture of all to me was Mr. J. J. Shannon's "Phil May, Esq.", and the secret was that not only had Mr. Shannon painted Phil May posing as Phil May, Esq.,

but indicated his own and Mr. Phil May's humorous consciousness of the situation: for in Mr. Shannon's work there is commonly to my thinking a sentimental complaisance, an eagerness to support any pretension of the sitter to beauty, fashion, saintliness that overshoots the mark and dulls his vision. In this case he is on what, if he will allow me the word, I should call more honourable painter's terms with his portrait. There has been an arrangement that the humorous bohemian shall stand up in a hunting coat with the dignity of a country squire posing for county history. And the pattern of the picture, head, coat, hands, hat and cigar (a concession), is excellent. But the expression, hesitating between an actor's impulse to look the part, an apprehension that it may be taken seriously and laughed at, and a lurking sense of blague gives the whole thing another turn. And Mr. Shannon, intent on the interesting face before him, has painted it better than anything I remember from his hand. Let this picture turn up anonymously in a sale-room and it must certainly attract attention for its design and colour to begin with, and then doubly for its close reading of character.

At every Academy I watch, with an interest in which patriotic affection has its part, the attempts to make a picture out of Highland landscape. It is a difficult task no doubt; men lose themselves in the broken unkind matter of the foreground and the shifting momentary effects under which the mountains take on their power. But some day, surely, the mists and watery lights on those huge bulks will be wrought into a great picture. I stopped before Mr. David Farquharson's "Gloom and Sunshine" (93). He seemed to me to have come nearer than most; my sympathy with the attempt should no doubt be allowed to discount my judgment. I stopped again before Mr. David Murray's "Bolton Abbey" (9) wondering whether he will ever paint a whole landscape worthy of the tree in its foreground. If the same balance of breadth and delicacy of view were maintained over the whole, a little more of picture intensity infused into the skilful notation, the picture so often promised might come into being. In the same spirit of mingled admiration and discontent I looked at the able work of Mr. La Thangue and Mr. Clausen. Mr. Clausen's drawing and colour do not cohere in sentiment. The first is founded on the idea of a synthetic sweeping of forms into telling silhouettes; the second on a trembling analysis. The fixed and the trembling are at odds, and the anxious analysis makes some of the transition hues too emphatic. The colour like the form should surely be resumed and simplified. Mr. Lionel Smythe's drawing loses in oil something but not all of the charm of his water colours (32). No. 805 "The First Snow of Winter," by F. S. Richardson, struck me in the water-colour room.

But from these researches I was drawn, like everybody else, to the problem of Mr. Sargent's three-figure compositions (the "Lord Ribblesdale", which looked to me his completest work of the year, is hung, by the absurd Academy rule for full-lengths, so high that it cannot be absolutely judged). Of the groups I am inclined to think that the New Gallery picture is most successful; it is of the natural-accidental cast, that sorts best with the past of Mr. Sargent's art. In this order of composition he has more than once displayed remarkable invention, or discovery. Examples were the Mrs. Carl Meyer and her children, and the Miss Wertheimers of last year. This year the idea of a more formal design, something that demands a revision of his art, appears as a disturbing element. I will take the qualities of the Sargent we know for granted, and discuss the intruder. The arrangement of the "Misses Hunter" is an ingenious, but rather luckless idea. Those seats that turn three ways are uncomfortable over-ingenious things in themselves. But they become doubly uncomfortable if the three people grouped on one of them are socially grouped together (back to back) instead of radiating socially in three directions. Mr. Sargent has tried hard to get over the incongruity by giving extra animation of expression to the foremost figure. But this leaves the other two more than ever out of the imaginary "conversation" (in the eighteenth-century phrase). Of rigid groupings the Egyptian after

all is best, where the figures sit side by side with hands laid along their knees, and neither grimace nor gesture. A symmetrical geometry that dissociates three people is hardly an advance on this, for three people alone would hardly have chosen to sit in such a way.

The portrait of "The Ladies Alexandra, Mary, and Theo Atcheson" goes a step further by inventing a fictitious, play-occupation as a motive for the grouping. The whites, faint greenish shadows and pale flesh tints make a charming ground for the spots of orange, and the lady on the right is a beautifully designed and gracious figure. But in the whole machine there are two defects. One is perhaps not of the first importance; yet it tells. The two ladies who are busied with the oranges make no pretence of being really occupied with what they are doing: they have forgotten about that, and are simply posing for their portrait; so that the fiction is baldly proclaimed. What is more serious is that the forms are not so monumental as the posing is deliberate: the silhouettes are not ample enough for their claim as detached emphatic forms, the wreathing of the figures does not cohere in the bas-relief fashion that is required for unity when line and shapes set up for themselves instead of being tied together in a tone-pattern. The big potiche pushes out the central figure and there is a gap between this and the orange-picking figure, and a heavy over-balance of weight in the centre. Those thin, naturalistic lines are too meagre against the sky; just as the tree behind is too positive and selfish in its form to help the rhythm. Mr. Sargent is an obstinate artist who will not yield an inch to style till he is forced. I shall be curious to see his next group of the kind. He has challenged the statuesque grouping of Reynolds with the weapons that suffice for happy accident. The logic of the species will have its revenge upon him.

I must leave other work, including what my reporter calls "the sculptural attractions", for another day, but I may confess that for me the real picture of the year is a landscape, and one not painted but preserved; the View from Richmond Hill. For his share in that good work we all owe a tribute to Sir Edward Poynter, who has shown in this, as in other cases, a fine public spirit. But the landscape is not absolutely secure. After escaping through the jealousies of local bodies largely composed of builders and land agents, the scheme for buying Marble Hill is now before Parliament, and in that scheme a clause has been inserted giving powers for building on part of the land thus acquired, or exchanging it against other riverside property. If this clause remains, there is a danger that the last state of Marble Hill may be no better than what was threatened by its present owner. Is it beyond praying for that some member of Parliament should raise a question on this clause when the bill emerges from committee, and also on the strangely named "Preservation of the View from Richmond Hill" Bill, which is a Bill to give Lord Dysart building powers over lands that at present are encumbered with common rights?

I will notice shortly here, as the picture season presses, an interesting exhibition of pastels by M. Simon Bussy, a newcomer in London recommended by a keen original eye for what in natural colour is strange and moving. The pastels are on view at Mr. Van Wisselingh's gallery in Brook Street, and are chiefly effects of sunrise on Alpine peaks. The blue depths of shadow, the rose-struck snow, the degradations of green vibrating into other tints are rendered with a remarkable intensity and hardihood, and with a true sentiment for the wonderful event of light.

D. S. M.

THE THRESHOLD OF A THEATRE.

IF Aristotle were alive, and had dropped his republican heresies, he would define the virtue of loyalty to the throne as a mean between the extremes of seditiousness and flunkeyism. Had he, moreover, been a guest at the recent banquet in Burlington House, or had he read a report of it, he might have been tempted to think that England, receding from the former extreme (to which, so lately as thirty years ago, she had been stumbling), had now unconsciously overstepped the mean. In walking briskly backwards there is always

the danger of going too far, and Aristotle would, I think, have found in the coupling of the toast of Literature with the name of Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace reason to suppose that we had gone rather too far. "Who", I mused, over the report of this toast, "is Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace?" Off-hand, I should have guessed his name to be that of some eminent surgeon. "But", I reflected, "the books written by eminent surgeons are not classified as literature". And then suddenly I remembered that there was a book about the recent voyage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and that Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace was its author. I do not profess to have been surprised, but pained I was, to think that at what is, after all, the most distinguished of all annual gatherings of variously eminent men, the finest of our arts should have been answered for by a gentleman who had nothing to do with it. Living are twenty writers, at least, of whom any one might have risen to his feet without making the toast ridiculous and himself ridiculous. There are three or four writers of whom any one would have shed on the occasion a great lustre, being more than worthy of his task. Strange that these persons should have been ignored in favour of a person whose one apparent claim was that he had been by Royalty chosen to do, and that he had done, very decently, a bit of official hack-work! It is well that Royalty should grace with its presence, and with its voice, a symposium of painters. But if mere attachment to the Prince of Wales' suite is supposed by these painters to make of a word-stringer a pre-eminent man of letters, why were not those of the Prince's equeries who happen to have been in the Army or Navy called on to respond to the toast of the United Services? Such equeries have, at any rate, been real soldiers, real sailors, in however humble a way; whereas no sane person will assert that Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace ever has been, in however humble a way, a man of letters. Let Mr. Spencer Wilkinson and those others who feel that we do not, as a nation, take questions of national defence at all seriously, extract such comfort as may be for them in this inconsistency. And let anyone who deplores our indifference to literature find cause for mirth, rather than for wrath, in the quaint farce of Sir Donald's glory.

One would have supposed that, in the circumstances, this sponsor for literature would emit warily a few vague platitudes of optimism and then resume his seat. That, I think, would have been the best course. Sir Donald took another. Boldly he bemoaned the absence of "giants" from modern literature. "Where", he inquired, "are the Scotts, the Byrons, the Keatses, the Tom Moores, or, to come down to more recent days, the Thackerays, the Dickensses, the Tennysons, the Brownings of our degenerate age?" Surely that artless intercalation of "the Tom Moores" is as neat a give-away as ever fell from the lips of exalted incapacity. And, in the lifetime of Mr. George Meredith (I name him, not because no one else, in other ways of literature, could be mentioned in the same breath with him, but in order to make my point briefly), is it not almost as neat another give-away to complain that we have no "giants", and are "wandering in a wilderness of mediocrity"? Mr. Meredith is a poet, a thinker, a wit, an all-round creator, of such force and dimensions that "the Dickensses" seem clowns beside him, and "the Thackerays" pantaloons. Perhaps Sir Donald does not know Mr. Meredith's books? Perhaps he does? Either horn of the dilemma impales him equally well. He might escape, narrowly, with the plea that he had ignored Mr. Meredith as belonging already to a past generation, and with the contention that in the present generation there is no writer whose proportions can be matched with his. It is, indeed, quite true that the stock of great writers seems to have been exhausted among us. ("Seems" I say because every generation is apt to belittle its great men. But I fancy that my precaution in this matter is superfluous.) At the same time, there is a wretched lack of perception in accusing the present age of "mediocrity" in its writers. You apply the term "mediocre" to a man who performs his task only half as well as it might be performed. For example, Mrs. Humphry Ward is

mediocre, because she, working on a large scale, lacks the requisite degree of inspiration, and therefore writes dull books. We have many writers who fail as she does, and many more who fail on smaller scales. But one judges the literature of an age not by its failures, but by its successes. And we have now in England a quite considerable number of writers—poets, essayists, novelists—who, not being great, and being wise enough not to work on great scales, constantly attain to something very like perfection in what they set themselves to do. It is in the light of these writers that this age's literature must be judged. Accordingly, this is not an age of "mediocrity" in literature. For these writers are not "mediocrities". They are little masters. Accordingly, this is an age of good, but not great, literary art. Had Sir Donald said something to this effect, the impertinence of his saying anything at all would have been somewhat mitigated.

The most salient instance of a writer who could not be called a "great" writer, and could not be called a "mediocre" writer, is Mr. Henry James, that perfect master of a small method, and, accordingly, that perfect type of the modern artist in literature. Manywise very like unto him, in the younger generation, appears Mr. G. S. Street. Both writers, in their outlook on life, have the same fastidious coyness, the same unwillingness to stray beyond a certain highly-civilised radius, the same fear of penetrating into the passions of those who revolve in that radius, the same way of looking askance at a definite event in that radius, as though it were a rather vulgar thing, to be hushed up, even to be denied. Like Mr. James, Mr. Street is chiefly a student of that portion of life which may be called "manners". He confines his gaze to the manifestations of the vaguer, lighter griefs and joys which befall such mankind as he admits into his ken; and his gaze, like Mr. James', is a finely meticulous register; and his brain, like Mr. James', receives and studies the record of his eyes in a spirit of grave irony. Each writer is essentially a critic, detached, standing aside to watch, an outsider seeing "most of the game"—of as much of the game, that is, as he cares to see. Each is content to observe human life as the average man observes animal life through the bars of the Zoological Gardens. Each, accordingly, is an untrammelled artist, having no moral purpose to serve or to be served by. Each accepts all that he sees without any wish to protest against it, even as the visitor to the Zoological Gardens will accept quite calmly this or that interesting convention which the animals obey, because he is not one of the animals. Each has the same sense of humour, the same smile. There is, however, this difference between them: Mr. James is a cosmopolite, while Mr. Street is an Englishman, who came early under the influence of Mr. Henley, that patriot. Accordingly, Mr. Street, studying English life, has moments when he imagines himself on the other side of those bars, in with those other animals, and then his absorbed patriotism leads him to accept everything as being for the best in that best of all possible cages. He becomes, as Mr. James never becomes, genial. And sometimes his geniality overflows into actual and very delightful farce.

In one of these interludes he wrote a play, "Miss Bramshott's Engagement", which has just been produced, as curtain-raiser, at the Prince of Wales' Theatre. I wish it had been produced there a little earlier, for then Sir Edward Poynter might by its princely venue have been moved to couple his toast of literature with the name of Mr. Street. I wish, too, that I had not lingered here so long, talking at large, on the threshold of the theatre. For now I have not time to do justice to Mr. Street's play. Enough that it is conceived in his most amusing manner, and executed with a deftness which makes me confident that the stage will know more of him anon. So, when you go to the Prince of Wales', go early. I am afraid I cannot counsel you to stay late. "The President", the main item of the programme, is a feeble show, not redeemed even by Mr. Hawtreys's art.

MAX.

MUSICAL REPUTATIONS REVISED.

STANFORD is the composer who showed most promise and has performed least of all the English musicians of the last generation. According to one or two of the morning papers he would be the greatest musician living if Parry were not alive; and this praise cannot be held to be very flattering. But putting aside such praise one may say that Stanford has his gifts. He is not simply barren, as Parry is; he is not a mere scribbler, as Cowen is; he is really a man who knows some kinds of good music when he hears them and who tries to write something like them. Original he is not: I do not think he has ever tried to be original. A great master of technique he is not, for the great masters of technique do not merely imitate their predecessors, which is all that Stanford has so far essayed: they take up the technique of their predecessors and develop it in a great way to gain their private ends. Not a tremendous personality like Gluck, not a great master of technique, he is yet one of the most interesting of the English musicians which the "Renaissance" brought forth. No one appreciates Stanford better than I do; but the very fact that I appreciate (in the vulgar sense) certain portions of his music compels me to depreciate (also in the vulgar sense) a great part of the rest. His symphony (in D, I think) produced at a Philharmonic concert some years ago, before the Philharmonic was so hopelessly lost as it is now, contained a lot of stuff that was fresh, breezy, beautiful. The most popular of all his works, "The Revenge", is also the best. His setting of Tennyson's "Voyage of Maeldune" is a poor imitation of that. His operas are utterly unoperatic. His "Veiled Prophet" contained a lot of pretty music: when I heard it at Covent Garden many, many years ago I quite liked it. But it is not dramatic: it is hard to imagine anyone wishing to sit it out a second time, unless he had the score in front of him and listened to it not as opera but simply as music. As for his oratorios, the less said about them the better. They are simply intolerably dull: I have considered "Eden" carefully and see nothing but the schoolmaster writing exercises for his pupils' imitation, exercises not in writing in the Stanford manner, but in writing in the manner of various genuine masters. That Stanford is not in any sense of the word a great musician is a thing easy to say: it is harder to say what he really is. At any rate he is robust, he has energy; if he never arrives at anything very splendid, at least he never footles. He has an eye for the picturesque—one can never forget the arrival of the Spanish ships in the "Revenge"—"the huge sea-castles heaving"—nor can one forget the coming of the dawn over the summer sea after the battle. But he is strangely lacking in human emotion: for all that his music tells us he might never have known love, nor hatred, nor felt the strangeness of the passing away of human life. There is not in his entire work one huge theme: not a theme that one remembers as one remembers the opening of the G minor symphony of Mozart, the opening of any of Beethoven's symphonies, the Siegfried theme in Wagner, or indeed any of the themes of world's master-works. To repeat myself, everlastingly I see him setting down notes on the blackboard and developing them, in a skilful enough manner, to show his pupils how the thing should be done. Or perhaps not everlastingly, but far too frequently. There is nothing of the schoolmaster in his settings of Browning's "Cavalier" songs, very little of him in the "Revenge", hardly a hint of it in his symphony, and not a trace of it in "Shamus O'Brien". This last work, though hampered with a terribly stupid libretto, is good enough to remain alive for many years. If the Covent Garden management had an atom of sense (which I venture to say it has not) "Shamus" would have been mounted there, in an improved form, long since; and it would certainly have entered the permanent repertory. "Shamus" is honest work; it is jolly, it has plenty of feeling for the distressful country in which the scenes take place; for whether Stanford be Jew or Irishman, and I cannot say which he is, he knows his Ireland by heart and by his music makes you feel you are in Ireland

just as Wagner in the "Ring" makes you feel you are in a Rhineland that never existed. The Ireland of the Irish poets and of Stanford never existed save in song and in music, but amongst those who created it Stanford is not the least. I wish his lines had been cast in less pleasant places. He has been too successful all his life; he has never had to starve for the sake of his art. Or if I may put the thing the other way, he seems never to have had an ideal to starve for. Yet I fancy that had he been less lucky in the worldly sense he might have ended by doing something of the first order. That he has never done; and his later music shows that he is going further and further from any possibility of doing it. It is lamentable that two men of the power of Stanford and Mackenzie should in some curious way have missed their chance—not their chance in mere money-making manners but of leaving gorgeous music and great names behind them.

Later on I mean to deal with the younger men, but not under the title of "Reputations revised". Obviously a reputation cannot be reconsidered before it is made; and though there is much talk of Elgar, Coleridge Taylor, MacCunn, Drysdale and others they cannot be said, their work in some cases barely begun, in others at most half-completed, to have made reputations. Of the men I have discussed Stanford is, I think, the youngest, and he is fifty years old. I would not say that those living have done their best work: on the contrary I hope to see finer things yet from both Mackenzie and Stanford. But they have done enough to enable one to form an estimate. Carefully pushing away all prejudices, all prepossessions, I have tried honestly to sum up the most prominent men of the generation that has passed or is passing away—Thomas, Parry, Mackenzie, Stanford. And now by way of summing up the whole situation I beg to be allowed to call attention to a fact that at first may seem rather startling. The two really gifted men of the late crowd—the two just discussed here—have failed to get to high-water mark; the earlier men—men such as the Wesleys and Sterndale Bennett—never got near it. Why? The answer must be cowardice—moral, intellectual, artistic cowardice. Leaving the earlier men, born in an unlucky time, altogether out of the question, one cannot help seeing that the later men have thought less of their music than of the best ways of gaining money, social position, knighthoods, and so on. Afraid to feel, afraid to think, afraid to express boldly anything feebly felt or thought, these men have lost nearly all when they might have won much. It cannot be said that either Mackenzie or Stanford might ever have grown into a Wagner; on the musical side as on the intellectual side both were always too small for that. But both might have left—in my humble opinion—stuff behind them that might have lived for centuries, if only they had dared to write it. Parry, lacking altogether the ability, in his early days had the daring; Stanford and Mackenzie, having the ability, hardly ever dared to plunge into the unknown, the utterly new. That deadly fear of the new has always been the curse of English music: that deadly fear begotten of the still more deadly fear of hunger, of fear of loss of social position; and one cannot but regret that it ruined the chances of so many able men, of men who might almost be said to have genius.

With these remarks I leave the older men. For a week or two it will be necessary to devote my space to the opera and concerts, long neglected. That duty performed, I shall deal with some of the younger composers.

J. F. R.

APPLICATIONS OF INSURANCE.

WE have frequently explained various ways in which life assurance can be utilised for many purposes in addition to the principal one of providing benefits for survivors after the death of the assured. It can be used in connection with an annuity for providing an immediate income at a good rate of interest, accompanied by complete security. It can be adopted as a convenient and lucrative method of saving during the time when professional men and others are earning substantial incomes; it can be admirably applied to

benefit charities at a cost to the donor which is little felt. And so in many other ways life assurance may be made use of to accomplish objects with which at first sight it might appear to be unconnected.

The report of the British Homes Assurance Corporation suggests yet another application which has many attractions. The Corporation devotes itself especially to enabling people to buy their own houses. By paying a monthly subscription of 5s. for five years the policy-holder is entitled to a loan of £100 for the purchase of house property. The property is mortgaged to the Corporation, interest at 5 per cent. being charged upon the quarterly balances. At the end of a fixed period of thirty years, by the continued payment of 5s. a month the mortgage is paid off. Compound interest at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum is apparently allowed upon the subscriptions that have been paid, and 80 per cent. of the net annual profits of the Corporation are distributed as bonuses.

The Corporation worked very successfully on these lines for some years before it adopted a further improvement by applying life assurance to the purchase of house property. The original plan was very satisfactory so long as the policy-holder lived and was able to pay the subscriptions; but in the event of his death his family was left with a partly-purchased house, and the completion of the purchase might not always be convenient. By combining life assurance and house purchase under one contract this difficulty was overcome, and now, on the policy becoming a claim, the mortgage is paid off and the property handed over without encumbrance to the representatives of the deceased policy-holder.

The Corporation devotes itself principally to facilitating the purchase of small houses, the maximum amount of loan quoted in the prospectus being £1,000, involving a monthly subscription of £2 10s. As soon as the scheme is described it is at once obvious that, if well and carefully worked, it is capable of conferring great benefits upon a large class. The Corporation is directed by a very practical board, and the conditions of the policies, or certificates, are so framed as to meet the convenience of policy-holders in every way possible consistent with the sound management of the business. The system not only makes it possible for people to purchase their own houses, but as the property has to be approved by the Corporation, experienced judgment is at the disposal of the purchasers to prevent them making bad bargains. The progress of the Corporation has been such as to make the shares a good investment for the proprietors, but at the same time the business is conducted on the mutual plan, and the interests of the policy-holders are well looked after.

The extent to which the system has been adopted may be judged from the fact that the life assurance premium in 1901 was £10,000, although this branch of the business has only been established about four years. In the older department the premiums amounted to £59,000. The amount that has already been lent on mortgage is nearly £120,000, and in order to avoid the possibility of any mistakes in working a comparatively new kind of business, the Association has wisely placed itself under the guidance of a competent consulting Actuary.

There are many practical advantages in applying life assurance to the purchase of house property through the medium of a company which devotes itself to this class of business; but at the same time it is possible to arrive at the same end by means of life policies in other companies which do not make a special feature of this business. This application of life assurance to purchase property is well worth the consideration of those who would prefer to live in their own houses, but to whom the outlay of the purchase price would be inconvenient.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY: A REJOINDER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—From the warmth of the expressions of Signor Marconi in his letter to you on page 556 it is evident that I am serving the useful if humble office of lightning-

conductor to avert some of the wrath which would otherwise have fallen upon the offending head of Professor Slaby, Signor Marconi's rival. However as Professor Slaby is abundantly able to defend himself I will not deal with side issues, but will clear up some of the extraordinary representations now put forward. Signor Marconi has dotted my i's in correcting my vague expression "at about that time" to 2 June 1896 "the date of my basic English patent". I am obliged for the precision: it is useful. As that patent is "basic", we need not discuss the patents of later years, which are only superstructure. Now the matter does not rest on any assertion of mine (for there are scores of persons living who witnessed it) that in 1894 Principal Oliver Lodge did publicly transmit signals from one building to another, through several stone walls, without connecting wires, by means of Hertzian waves which were received perfectly clearly upon a telegraphic instrument to which these waves were relayed by means of an automatically tapped "coherer". If that is not wireless telegraphy, then the term has no meaning. Signor Marconi cannot now put back the clock from 2 June, 1896 to the year 1894. This priority of Lodge, as pioneer, I laid down in my article on p. 424. It follows that Signor Marconi's patents, if valid,—and, observe, I have not challenged their validity,—can not have been so drafted as to cover the whole art of wireless telegraphy. That art having been already in part revealed, it is quite competent for those who are working on its extension to patent such improvements as they may make—Signor Marconi his own, Professor Slaby his own.

At the risk of being technical let me illustrate the matter out of Signor Marconi's own "basic" patent. It has no fewer than nineteen "claims", nearly all of which relate to "coherers"—those sensitive tubes of imperfectly conducting iron filings which require to be automatically tapped to keep them sensitive. Of these claims the fifteenth runs textually thus:—"A receiver consisting of a sensitive tube or other imperfect contact" (i.e. a coherer) "inserted in a circuit, one end of the sensitive tube or other imperfect contact being put to earth whilst the other end is connected to an insulated conductor" (p. 12 lines 35-37). This is an intelligible and well-defined claim. It clearly does not cover all possible cases: it covers the case of a coherer arranged in a particular way. It does not cover the case, for example, of a coherer earthed at both ends through condensers. Signor Marconi himself put that arrangement into a separate claim. It clearly does not cover the case of a coherer not earthed at either end, nor the case of a coherer earthed at one end and connected at the other to a non-insulated conductor. No doubt Signor Marconi had the very best of reasons for so drawing his claims in this limited way. He had to choose between drawing them narrow, and drawing them so wide that they would include things already known before 2 June, 1896. The inevitable result is that his patents, the whole validity of which depends on their limitations, leave room for plenty of subsequent inventors, the Slabys, the Brauns, the Fessendens, to work out their own details. When I point out this elementary fact, and indicate the humorous situation created in the United States by the wild charges made by Signor Marconi's satellites against Professor Slaby for poaching on his preserves, Signor Marconi denounces me as inaccurate and ignorant. Well: let us amend our ignorance. From the pen of his rival Professor Slaby Signor Marconi quotes the following laudation. "He [Marconi] has thus first shown, how, by connecting the apparatus with the earth on one side and by using long extended vertical wires on the other side a telegraphy was possible. These wires form the main feature of the invention."

To make the thing more sure Signor Marconi now caps this laudation by adding patronisingly—"these vertical wires, in his estimate of the importance of which I agree with Professor Slaby". So we have it now that Signor Marconi agrees that this telegraphy was made possible by the device of connecting a coherer at one side to the earth and at the other to a long extended vertical wire; and that he now—3 May, 1902—agrees that these wires form the

main feature of his invention. Well, is it not a pity—if that be so—that on 2 June, 1896 he quite forgot to put in any claim for the main feature? He claimed nothing about the essential nature of long-extended vertical wires, but claimed putting the coherer at one end to “an insulated conductor”. Nothing about vertical extension. Anybody, whether his name be Slaby or Fessenden, may use a vertically extended wire, provided it is not insulated, or provided it is not connected to a coherer that is also connected to earth. Why should I or anyone else spend breath in challenging the validity of a patent the “basic” character of which is so admirably delimited by the patentee himself? I did indeed say—and I regret that it should have ruffled Signor Marconi’s calm—that beside that important claim about earthing one end of a coherer all the rest seemed to me only “detail and surplusage”. Well, is it not true? First as to detail. Did not Signor Marconi’s own expert, my friend Professor Fleming, F.R.S., write on 3 April, 1899 to “The Times” to say: “Signor Marconi has by minute attention to detail” (the italics are mine), “and by the important addition of the long vertical air wire translated one method of space telegraphy out of the region of uncertain delicate laboratory experiments” into success. He patented the details, the mixed powders, the metallic plugs, the cylinders placed hat-wise on poles, the metal plates hung like towels on a clothes-horse, and omitted to patent the long vertical wires! Again, I say, what a pity—unless the omission was deliberately intended to avoid clashing with Edison’s patent of 1891 for vertical wires.

But I read on in Signor Marconi’s reply that he does not know that Lodge ever described an automatic tapper “meaning one such as has been used by me, worked directly or indirectly . . . by the same current as that which passes through the coherer”. I note the admission for the first time that Lodge did in 1894 use an automatic tapper with his coherer. “A tapper such as described by Professor Lodge, worked continuously, by a separate current, has been demonstrated to be of no use.” Indeed! when did Signor Marconi discover this? Let me suggest to him to be cautious in decrying its utility. For in his own “basic” patent he has claimed this also as his own. If this kind of automatic tapping is not of utility, why did he draft his claims so as to include it? Does he not know that if he admits inutility of something within his own claims, his admission renders his patent invalid? Observe again, I have not challenged its validity. I have said it related mostly to details and surplusage. Signor Marconi’s own expert has testified to detail: Signor Marconi himself declares one item to be surplusage.

Again I read on and find that it is “blank ignorance” to represent “my system as being dependent upon what is known as the ‘coherer’ principle”; and he adds: “I desire to state categorically” (to the confusion of myself as a totally inaccurate person), that “I have proved my system of wireless telegraphy to be thoroughly workable in complete independence of the use of any receiving instrument designed on the ‘coherer’ principle”. I rub my eyes to make sure I am not dreaming. “My system” not dependent on the “coherer” principle! Categorical statements won’t put back the clock nor cancel half a line of the great “basic” patent. Let us see what Signor Marconi has described as his “system”.

On 2 March, 1899, before the Institution of Electrical Engineers (Proc. vol. xxviii. pp. 273-316) he spoke of “the system with which I have carried out so many experiments, and by means of which I have worked various installations”, and added: “one of the principal parts in my receiver is the sensitive tube or coherer”. Twenty-one months earlier, on 4 June, 1897, Signor Marconi had listened with beaming approbation to a discourse made by Sir William Preece, F.R.S., upon Wireless Telegraphy at the Royal Institution (vol. xv. pp. 471-476), where that eminent authority on telegraphy was authorised by Signor Marconi himself to describe and exhibit his “system”. The “system” is described. The receiver is “based on Branly’s coherer”. Tall masts are not essential. “The peculiarity of Mr. Marconi’s system is that, apart from

the ordinary connecting wires of the apparatus, conductors of very moderate length only are needed, and even these can be dispensed with if reflectors are used”. And Signor Marconi smiled approval. He has never since suggested that the description was not correct. Well, if tall masts are not essential, and even conductors of very moderate length could be dispensed with, what did the “system” depend on? Let the basic patent answer. From end to end of it there is no other receiver described, mentioned, suggested, or claimed, than the imperfect electrical contact or sensitive tube called the coherer. Of the nineteen claims, seventeen either describe or imply the coherer, the other two being for details of the apparatus not at the receiving end at all! So recently as 15 May 1901 has Signor Marconi again publicly referred—at the Society of Arts—to “my system”. He referred specifically to sets of apparatus supplied by him down to that date to the Admiralty. I assert without fear of contradiction that in every such set, if not in every set in every operative installation whether in England or America, the coherer apparatus has been the sole kind of receiver used. “Eliminate that feature”—I repeat—the entire basic “system” collapses.

But why should Signor Marconi be so anxious “to state categorically” that his “system” is not dependent on the coherer? It was in 1896, in 1897, in 1899, in 1901. Why not now? Is it possible that he has recently discovered the circumstance that the really basic patent in the United States belongs to another? Let me for his benefit recite one claim—one only. “In combination, in the receiving circuit of a system of Hertzian wave telegraphy, a coherer, a battery, a telegraphic receiving instrument, and automatic means to successively break down the cohesion caused in the said coherer by such Hertzian waves.” The number of the patent is 674846, and it is issued to “Oliver Joseph Lodge, of Liverpool, England”. Ignorant I may be, blankly ignorant and totally inaccurate, but even the wisest and most learned amongst us is aware that the authorities of the United States Patent Office, under the provisions of their excellent patent law, do not issue patents—as the British Patent Office does—to the first fool who may apply for a patent to manufacture gold out of chopped straw. They search diligently, and require proof as to the actual first invention. Lodge’s sole right in the States to use the coherer, automatically tapped, to relay wireless messages upon a telegraph instrument rests on no assertion of mine. I repeat that neither by Signor Marconi’s system nor by Professor Slaby’s system can a wireless message be received in the States without infringing that patent. Signor Marconi’s remedy for this state of things is not to pour vials of wrath on my unworthy head, nor to accuse Slaby of poaching on his preserves, but to address himself to the United States Patent Office and petition it to revoke the fundamental rights which it has on evidence granted to Lodge.

But, lastly, what is it that makes Signor Marconi so passionately anxious to disclaim the coherer and all its works? Is there no occasion for such protestations? Once more let us see. I hesitate to awaken inconvenient memories, whether they relate to Professor Righi or to Professor Lodge, or to another. Has Signor Marconi never heard of one Paolo Castelli, lieutenant and semaphorist in the Italian navy? Castelli has invented—is it not true?—a telephonic method of reception in which there is employed a mercury coherer that needs no automatic tapping? Is it not true also that this apparatus “è stato adottato dallo stesso Marconi nella prima prova della trasmissione transatlantica”? Is it not true that it is *this* telephonic system by means of which the sibillants from Cornwall were heard by Signor Marconi in Newfoundland? If this is true, then it becomes self-evident that the great trans-Atlantic success was attained not by any use whatever of the “basic” patent of 2 June 1896, but by a new and totally different system, invented by one whose name has not been given to the public. In that case the name of Castelli must be put beside those of Righi and of Lodge as the real inventors of the appliances and methods represented as Marconi’s.

SILVANUS P. THOMPSON.

GIRLS' BOOKS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14 Kensington Square, 30 April.

SIR,—You have opened a very useful discussion in your Review on the subject of Girls' Books. I fully agree with your writers in deploring the ordinary books written for girls now-a-days, though I cannot but differ from them in the remedy which they propose—the use of the modern boys' books as a sufficient substitute.

I need not enter into the Duchess of Sutherland's assertion of the "essential oneness" of boy and girl nature. This is no doubt a view lately held in England, where it is the modern outcome of special circumstances of an insular life; though it has not yet commanded the assent of any country of Europe, nor of the world beyond. In the case of boys' and girls' books it is unnecessary to enter into this argument. We need only consider what capacities may be common to both in whatever degree, and how they can be developed.

I most heartily agree with your contributors that the usual girls' books and magazines are worthless, and more than that, harmful, so pernicious is their false sentiment and morbid emotion. It is proposed to replace them by books for boys. There seems to be a belief (I wish I could share it) that there are no "conventional kinks" in boys' books! The advantage moreover is urged that these books will teach the girl to be "at heart a sportsman", and thus double her "joy of life". I dare say a sportswoman increases her joys, but is there no one else whose joys are halved? I read the other day the Diary of a *nurse* going up the Niger. She had no doubt about the sympathy of her "sporting" public. It was her first day on the steamer, and she saw a negro on the bank. Instinctively, she observes, she raised her gun to her shoulder, and it was ludicrous to see the man fall flat on the ground and his contortions of terror. This was a "sporting" ministrant to the sick and dying. I told the story to a beautiful young girl whom I met at a party. "Oh", she exclaimed, "just what I would have done! The most natural thing in the world!" She had learned shooting with her brothers, and only lamented that she had not more assiduously used her opportunities.

I see also that the writer of your article of 19 April holds that the chief merit of boys' books lies in their spirit of adventure, deeds of daring, and "straight-forward scrapes" (I conclude therefore that he would altogether forbid Mr. Rudyard Kipling's popular account of boy school-life with its glorified cunning and snobbishness). For obvious reasons the daring qualities have a magnified value at present for Englishmen, to the exclusion of many of the highest virtues; but these will again find their recognition, in a few years perhaps. Meanwhile boys' books have had at all times many various interests—descriptions of natural history, machinery, stars, buildings, the last discoveries of science, habits of animals, and so on. Some part of "the vigour of heart and limb" these books recount is admirable; some of it is well enough; and some is wholly false to nature and reason, cheap and bad in sentiment, and misleading as a guide to life. A great deal of these crude romances is no nearer truth than the girls' books, and is quite as mischievous in the long run. On the whole the best part of boys' books lies probably in the notions they give a boy of the wonders of the natural world about him; and this would be equally valuable for girls. Let them have this, and more. I would thankfully see them throw away the sentimental trash of false emotion, and turn to subjects that will quicken curiosity and wonder and awaken intelligence.

As for other useful qualities, reason, justice, humanity, pity, fortitude, and resource both of heart and mind—I think (if I had to suggest a rule at all either for boys or girls) I should propose to allow only such books (except in matters of science) as were written forty years ago and earlier. In the older books there is I believe better food for the young—a stronger style, a far larger range of human interests and emotions, a firmer virtue, and a more just balance between the valour and excitement of marvellous adventures and the endowments which make the life of girls admirable, beneficent, and blessed. If we compare the heroines of older novels with those of late years, we can see a

significant contrast. The modern heroine cannot match her older sister in force of character, wealth of feeling, strength of soul, or resource in time of danger. If we go still further back we find the women that Shakespeare saw in all their rich variety.

These admirable women were not trained on sentimental "books for girls", and probably read something better than their brothers' volumes of sports and hairbreadth escapes. Alas! trash, bad style, selfishness, and vulgar morality can creep in even there.

I am, yours faithfully,

ALICE STOPFORD GREEN.

P.S.—Would not some of your readers draw up a list of good books for reading written before 1850?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Springbank, East Kilbride, 7 May, 1902.

SIR,—The writer of your article on "Girls' Books" does not seem to realise that a girl is not necessarily a child. He apparently uses the words interchangeably, as if a story written for a girl of seven should be equally welcome to a girl of seventeen.

I am tempted to ask whether he has read the books which he cites. For the others I cannot speak, but two at least, "Cynthia's Bonnet Shop", and "Three Fair Maids" were obviously not written for the little girls he seems to have more particularly in view. Their appeal is to older girls of fourteen and upwards. He will not find in them the "endless permutations and combinations of schoolgirls", which he deplors, though there may be something about "the glories of nature once you are out really early". I fear we shall wait long to find an author capable of realising his suggestion of "the hare drinking out of a tulip cup in the garden when only the heroine was up to see it, with pillow fights and other romps thrown in". How this would strike his "vigorous little maiden of fourteen" is perhaps debatable.

The fact seems to be that up to the age of fourteen or thereabouts girls have the keenest appreciation of a well-written boys' book; although the converse is not the case, for, excellent as they are, such books as "Little Women", and "What Katy Did" do not as a general rule appeal to boys. After fourteen, however, the interests of the two sexes become more divergent; the boy remains a boy, the girl becomes a young woman. Pillow fights, and even the larger issues that form the mainstay of boys' books, cease to interest her in anything like the same degree. It is for this age that there is admittedly so much difficulty in finding suitable fiction. It is an age of transition, in which sentiment, "sticky" or otherwise, tends to replace the robust allurements of the battle and the breeze. This may be deplorable, but it is feminine human nature, against which even the leader-writer will drive his quill in vain.

What girls of this age demand is in essentials the fiction that will satisfy their mothers. But in catering for the demand there are obvious limitations to be borne in mind. The writer of your article appears to be under the delusion that the imagination of the author is "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined"—limited to certain materials out of which a good book cannot be made. Speaking as one who has for some years been interested in the production of books for girls, I would suggest that this is an entire misconception. There is absolutely no restriction of this kind. Indeed, it may confidently be said that a well-written book likely to be interesting to girls of fourteen and upwards has more chance of acceptance than a novel of equal merits for adults.

The only restrictions are such as may be determined by those considerations of propriety from which the novel for adults has wholly emancipated itself.

Yours faithfully,

C. J. L'ESTRANGE.

[Our correspondent would deprive the writers of these books of the one excuse our imagination had charitably discovered for them. If they suffer from no restriction of any kind, and of choice write what they do write, they are indeed hopeless. We assumed, again in charity, that in this connexion "girls" did imply children of not over fifteen or sixteen. If meant for girls of seventeen and upwards "girls' books" become a ridiculous anachronism. Can they not read standard

works? Scott, Dumas père, Dickens, Henry Greville? A girl of seventeen that would leave these for "girls' books" is fit for nothing in the world but writing girls' books.—ED. S. R.]

A SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR CRIPPLED GIRLS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 Sekforde Street, Clerkenwell, E.C.

SIR,—All who are conversant with the regular visitation of the homes of the poor in our slum districts can testify how painfully sad it is to be constantly brought in contact with blind and crippled children of tender years. It is misfortune enough when affliction is visited upon the little ones of those who are in comfortable circumstances but when it is met with amid all the terrible surroundings of dire poverty and court and alley life, it is indeed pathetic and sends the visitor home discomfited and distressed. The Watercress and Flower Girls Christian Mission has been engaged for the past thirty-six years in endeavouring to deal with some of the urgent needs arising from being brought into close contact with the suffering poor in various parts of the metropolis and they have erected at Clacton-on-Sea a holiday home in every way suited to the wants of these poor handicapped children and all through the fine weather small parties of these unfortunate little waifs are sent down for a fortnight's change and it is truly astonishing what good food, sea breezes, and country rambles will do for them in so short a space of time. Ten shillings only will cover the cost of each child.

Will not some of your kind readers help us in this matter that none of the crowd of little anxious applicants may be disappointed?

Donations should be sent to our treasurer, F. A. Bevan, Esq., 54 Lombard Street, or to

Your obedient servant,

JOHN A. GROOM,

Secretary of the Watercress and Flower Girls Christian Mission.

[We have pleasure in endorsing this appeal by inserting this letter.—ED. S. R.]

THE "QUARTERLY REVIEW" AND MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I observe that in your issue of 26 April you call attention to an article on Mr. Stephen Phillips in the current number of the "Quarterly Review", as though it contained a valuable confirmation of some opinions on that writer expressed in your own columns. But you fail to inform your readers of the fact, which is surely relevant, that the "Quarterly" reviewer on Mr. Stephen Phillips and the "Saturday" reviewer of "Herod" and of "Ulysses" are one and the same person. Are these compliments to your own contributor quite what we should have expected from you, Sir, the sworn foe and terror of the log-roller? But first for the proof of identity: and for convenience sake I will set it forth in parallel columns:—

"What Mr. Phillips lacks is sincerity; and without sincerity there can be no art, though art has not yet begun when sincerity has finished laying the foundations. One is not sincere by wishing to be so, any more than one is wise or fortunate. Infinite skill goes to the making of sincerity. Mr. Phillips, who has so much skill, devotes it all to producing effects by means of action, and to describing those effects by means of verse."

"Quarterly Review",
April 1902, p. 496.

"Nothing that is said by Herod might not as well be said by Mariamne; nothing that is said by either Mariamne or Herod might not better be said by a third person. When Calypso and Ulysses talk for the last time on the island, we feel neither the goddess nor the hero; but the obvious thought, the expected

"What 'Herod' lacks is sincerity, and without sincerity there can be no art, though art has not yet begun when sincerity has finished laying the foundation. One is not sincere by wishing to be so, any more than one is wise or fortunate. Infinite skill goes to the making of sincerity. Mr. Phillips, who has so much skill, devotes it all to producing effects, by means of action, and to describing those effects, by means of verse."

SATURDAY REVIEW,
15 December, 1900, p. 754.

"Nothing in the play comes to us with a personal cry: nothing said by Herod might not as well be said by Mariamne; nothing said by either Mariamne or Herod might not better be said by a third person." . . . "The scene, for instance, between Ulysses and Calypso has not a breath of life in it, but how cleverly it is put

emotion, is always exact to its minute."
Ibid.

together! The obvious thought, the expected emotion, is always exact to its minute."

SATURDAY REVIEW, loc. cit., and 22 February, 1902.

Can it be, Sir, that you had overlooked the fact that these and similar pearls of criticism, now offered to the public in the "Quarterly Review", had already been offered to it in your own columns? Or can you really think that they have acquired any additional value by being thus hawked in two different markets? or that they would acquire any were they hawked in half a dozen, as seems not unlikely? for this critic has a truly remarkable gift of self-multiplication. Thus an entire half-page of the same "Quarterly Review" article which you so much admire, from the words "it is a common mistake" on page 487 to "looking back" on page 488, and several shorter passages besides, are repeated by him bodily, with scarce the change of a word, from the "Athenæum" of 29 January, 1898; which seems scarcely fair to the editors or proprietors of either of these esteemed periodicals. In the same patchwork I have encountered with amusement, for I should think the third or fourth time, a certain hack passage, evidently very dear to its author, about Mr. Phillips and "the absolute". If ubiquity and self-repetition could constitute a critic, we should have in this gentleman a critic indeed.

Now, Sir, it is perfectly just and natural that strong differences of opinion should exist and be expressed concerning any contemporary work which has made its mark. But I submit that you are not playing the game when you quote the opinion of one writer in one review in confirmation of the same opinion expressed by the same writer, in almost the same language, in another review.

Let me, therefore, remind your readers of the fact that while on the one side we find this particular critic multiplying himself with surprising activity to reiterate in a variety of sheets the same formulas of disparagement, which may or may not be worth attention; on the other side there are a number of independent persons of widely different training and associations (as Mr. Churton Collins, Mr. William Watson, Mr. William Archer, Mr. W. L. Courtney, Mr. Todhunter, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, Mr. Owen Seaman, and myself—the list might be extended indefinitely) expressing and standing by the opposite view, that Mr. Stephen Phillips is a poet and dramatist of high and original power, whose work the general public show a sound instinct in admiring.

It is true, Sir, that in an unguarded moment you have thought proper to charge, or seem to charge, the persons who have expressed this opinion with dishonest motives. That charge you will perhaps allow me for the present to regard as one not seriously meant, and as signifying no more than impatience at the expression of an admiration you do not share, and at the advertising methods of a publisher who has shown more zeal than taste. Otherwise I should not be addressing you, as now, in terms of courtesy.

Yours faithfully,

SIDNEY COLVIN.

[We are deeply sensible of Mr. Sidney Colvin's consideration in addressing us in terms of courtesy. He is angry because we cited passages from an article in the "Quarterly Review" criticising somewhat severely his favourite poet. It was no business of ours to inquire into the authorship of that article. For an unsigned article the editor and the editor only is responsible to the public, and it is an impertinence to attempt to go behind him. The editor of the "Quarterly Review" published the article in question, and that is enough. We were entitled to cite the authority of that Review against Mr. Phillips' claims to be "a poet of high and original power". If it pleases Mr. Colvin to persuade himself that there is but one critic in the world who does not share his enthusiasm for Mr. Phillips, it might be unkind to undeceive him. That at least is a harmless illusion. But is it generous to fasten on the publisher, Mr. Lane, all the odium for methods of advertisement which there is no evidence that the poet who presumably shared in the benefits of such advertisement took any steps to restrain? If he did take such steps and failed we should be delighted to know it.—ED. S. R.]

REVIEWS.

BRET HARTE.

"On the Old Trail." By Bret Harte. London: Pearson. 1902. 6s.

"Bret Harte." ("English Writers of To-day.") By T. Edgar Pemberton. London: Greening. 1902. 3s. 6d.

TO the average educated mind, to say nothing of the fastidious, American journalism scarcely appeals, we take it, for anything of literary beauty and value which it has brought forth. Yet there are certainly two things, which have been done by men, in their time closely associated with American journalism, that seem to us easily to outweigh in merit many of the books republished to-day in such numbers and described as lesser English classics. First, there is the little poem "To a Waterfowl" by William Cullen Bryant, and secondly the small volume "The Luck of Roaring Camp and other Sketches" by Bret Harte published by Routledge about fifteen years ago and introduced by the younger Tom Hood. Bryant's poetry is very little known to English readers, and we do not imagine that it is particularly familiar to-day to his own people; yet he struck a high note in some of the lines of "Thanatopsis", and in the "Waterfowl" made that which would enrich the best anthologies of any country. There is a serene quality about that little poem and one or two others by Bryant that we should look for in vain in aught that Bret Harte ever wrote; yet in the latter's "East and West Poems" there are things most delicate. We suppose that Bret Harte was not a poet; rather, a writer of verses. We feel sure he should not be called a poet when we look at "Plain Language from Truthful James" or "The Society upon the Stanislaus" with their catchy, clever lines and verses that, read and laughed over, get a cruel grip of the memory, like those of "Jim Bludso" in the "Pike Country Ballads", or some of the barrack-room verses by Mr. Kipling. Yet we must forgive him for his "Brown of Calaveras", even for that never to be forgotten chunk of red sandstone which took Abner Dean of Angels' in the abdomen, because of what he gave us in "A Greyport Legend", "The Angelus", "San Francisco", "The Hawk's Nest", "The Lost Galleon". Mr. Cunningham Graham ought to tell the story of that phantom galleon, of which we have but the outlines in Bret Harte; the galleon which in 1649 was due at Acapulco Bay, but is still riding the seas with sails full set because she lost her ninth of May, and will not get home till 1939. It would make a more fascinating romance of the sea than any Marryat dreamed of. Not less beautiful is the story of the hulk that a hundred years ago floated out to sea with its thirteen children, whose innocent voices are still heard by the mackerel fishers when the fogs are thick on the harbour reef. It may remind one of the submerged city of Is with its faint bells ringing the congregation to prayer. There is sentiment and to spare perhaps in such verse, but none of the sickly sort. Glancing once more through these few choice pages we may perhaps half doubt our right to withhold the high name poet from the man who can touch us so surely time after time with his "Newport Romance" of the Quaker whose freshness faded with the fading of the posies of mignonette the fickle lover gave her when he sailed away with the Admiral Rochambeau: we may doubt, for the moment, even more when we light upon lines such as—

"Above the tumult of the cañon lifted,
The grey hawk breathless hung;
Or on the hill a winged shadow drifted
Where furze and thorn bush clung."

But after all it is not for his poetry or verse-making, whichever it may be called, that Bret Harte lives in our thoughts to-day, and has put us so much in his debt. It is by his "roaring camp fire" tales of Californian life, by the fragrance—to quote from one of his own familiar lines—of the "spray of Western pine" in volume after volume which the teeming brain of the storyteller brought forth. Admittedly the Bret Harte of 1902 was not the Bret Harte of 1869, the year in which "The Luck of Roaring Camp" first appeared. Some of his later work has certainly not been reviewed too severely by critics, though it has always seemed

to us that the curious, alluring little story of "Maruja" did not get the kind welcome it might have had. This final volume is perhaps no better and no worse than several that have been printed of late years. Grey and worn, possibly worn out, as are Hamlin and Starbottle, who reappear here, they yet will give delight to many who have not read or have forgotten—if anyone does forget—"The Luck", "The Outcasts", "Miss". So exquisite are those early stories that we may marvel at their popularity. Can such literature really appeal to the sort of people who devour the average six-shilling novel of to-day, the people who must number hundreds of thousands? And if they appreciate Bret Harte at his best what is to prevent them appreciating, say, the "Scenes from Clerical Life" or "Cranford"—which one feels quite sure they cannot possibly care for? But, like other popular writers who have added to the literature of the world, as distinguished from its printed stuff, Bret Harte is in danger, we fear, of being famous through work that is not his best. As Tom Hood very truly said, "The Heathen Chinees", though not the best, became the most popular of his works: it was "pat" in its arrival, coming at a time when America was fiercely debating—not without occasional resort to brickbat and revolver—the question of Chinese cheap labour. But its fame remains, though the occasion for it has passed, and it must unfortunately tend to obscure much better work. Have not some of the comic, trivial verses of the elder Tom Hood in the same way served to obscure far choicer work, such as "Ruth", the sonnet that begins "It is not death that sometimes in a sigh"—a lovely poem which has been strangely overlooked by anthologists—possibly even "I remember, I remember"? It may be a hard fate to be remembered for one's most popular work. Cowper should have burned "John Gilpin": we question whether Tennyson might not with some advantage have suppressed "The May Queen", though there are lines in it we ill could spare. Was "The Luck of Roaring Camp", Bret Harte's most famous story, so good as "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" or "Miss"? We are inclined to think it was not quite so perfect, though this is purely a matter of taste or fancy: Bret Harte himself preferred "Tennessee's Partner". To our taste "Miss" and "The Outcast" are the best, and we can think of no short stories of late years so good as either, save possibly "Elder Conklin" and one or two by Mary Wilkins. The last scene in "The Outcasts" is one of the most pathetic in fiction. We should describe it as having not so much power as perfection. Powerful is not a word that can be used of Bret Harte's work. He touches, he never dominates us. He could not have created a Eustacia Vye; he could not have crushed us by an ending like hers. Bret Harte has been called a genius, a word that is bandied about in careless fashion and hackneyed instead of being jealously guarded and kept for those who are great. Bret Harte was never that: what we can say of him is that often in prose and sometimes in verse he was exquisite.

THE ENGLISH "LIFE OF NAPOLEON".

"The Life of Napoleon I." By John Holland Rose. 2 vols. London: Bell. 1902. 18s.

MR. ROSE'S excellent book entirely supersedes all other English Lives of Napoleon Bonaparte. It is the only biography of the Emperor in our language which has been constructed after a conscientious study of the new sources of information, published and unpublished, which have become available during the last thirty years. We may add that Mr. Rose need not shrink from comparison with the foreign historians who have been dealing of late with the First Empire. While they have been exploiting Continental archives, he has been at work on the State Papers of the British Ministries—especially of the Foreign Office, where much new material still rewards the diligent searcher. It is not to the credit of our historians that these collections have hitherto been skimmed by one or two inquirers only, and still await a thorough investigation. Information about the most unlikely details of foreign history is often to be found in the most unexpected

corners. It was in a document in the Admiralty that Mr. Rose found his proof that some at least of our officials were in the secret of Georges Cadoudal's plot, a thing that has often been denied—one could have wished that the denials had been correct. In the same way there exists among the Spanish Papers in the Record Office, a certain amount of information upon Peninsular affairs in 1808 which Arceche and other Spanish writers have sought in vain at Madrid. The foreign investigator seldom comes to London.

Napoleon has many sides: it is generally to his military aspect that historians have turned the greater portion of their attention. But though Mr. Rose always gives clear and incisive accounts of the Emperor's campaigns, they do not form the most important part of his book. It is rather to the diplomatic side of his career that the reader's attention is directed, and after diplomacy the internal government of France receives the most careful study. This is as it should be: for while Napoleon's wars can be mastered in several excellent English works, there has hitherto been no writer on this side of the Channel who has cared to work out in detail his reorganisation of the chaotic realm which he took over from the Directory after the coup d'état of Brumaire. In many respects the chapters in which Mr. Rose deals with the new institutions of France, and the details of the imperial régime are the most valuable in his book. They contain more facts that are new to the English student of the Napoleonic period than any other section of the work. But on the whole we should be inclined to regard as even more important those in which the general summary of the Emperor's foreign policy is contained.

There is no disputing the fact that Mr. Rose, after a survey of all the available evidence, arrives at the same conclusion that was reached by the Tory Governments which fought Napoleon—that his whole policy and personality were such that it was useless to endeavour to come to terms with him. The oft-repeated statements of French historians of imperialist tendencies that he wished for a firm and honourable peace, alike with Great Britain and the Continental Powers, will not bear investigation. Research shows that they are as groundless as the malevolent libels which the English Whigs poured forth against their political rivals at the time. It is distressing to find men of the calibre of William Napier writing that down to Tilsit "all Bonaparte's wars were essentially defensive" or that the Tory ministries opposed the Emperor because "he was the champion of Equality and they the champions of Privilege". The more carefully the diplomatic archives of the European Powers are searched, the more clearly does the fact emerge that Napoleon was from the first a deliberate aggressor. The Governments of Pitt and Addington of Portland and Liverpool were perfectly right in keeping up the struggle to the end. "On the whole" writes Mr. Rose "British policy comes out the better the more fully it is known. Though often feeble and vacillating, it finally attained to firmness and dignity: and Ministers closed the cycle of wars with acts of magnanimity towards the French people, which are studiously ignored by those who bid us shed tears over the martyrdom of St. Helena". The student should specially note Mr. Rose's masterly analysis of the negotiations attending the conclusion and rupture of the Peace of Amiens. He demonstrates with most convincing fulness that Bonaparte's whole attitude was hypocritical and false, that he sought no more than a short interval of truce for the reconstruction of his fleet and the recovery of his colonies, and that his theatrical outburst of wrath against the British Government was due not to any love of peace, but to anger at being forced to fight before he had completed his preparations. Among other signs of his real object in consenting to the peace, his projects in the Indian Ocean are to be carefully noted, as also his curious plan (first brought out, so far as we know by Mr. Rose) for the annexation of the western half of the continent of Australia. If the British had not forced the rupture upon the Maltese question, it would have come a year or two years later, when Bonaparte had got everything ready for his great blow.

The struggle to the death with France was inevitable,

because of the personal character of her ruler. His early successes had raised him to such heights of self-confidence that he refused to contemplate any arrangement of the European State-system in which he was not the supreme arbiter and autocrat. He would never honestly accept a real compromise with a rival. "It may seem a paradox" writes Mr. Rose "to say that the excess of good fortune in the commencement of his career largely contributed to his ruin: yet it is true. His was one of those thick-set combative natures that need timely restraint if their best qualities are to be nurtured, and their domineering instincts curbed. Had he in his early manhood taken to heart the lessons of adversity, would he have ventured at the same time to fight Wellington in Spain and the Russian climate in the heart of the Steppes? Would he have spurned the offer of an advantageous peace made to him from Prague in 1813? Would he have let slip the chance of keeping the 'natural frontiers' of France after Leipzig, and her old boundaries when brought to bay in Champagne? Would he have dared the uttermost at all points at Waterloo? In truth after his fortieth year was past, the fervid energies of youth hardened in the mould of triumph: hence came that fatal obstinacy which was his bane at all these crises of his career".

Far more space than can be granted in the modest limits of a review is required to do justice to the many merits of Mr. Rose's work. It is therefore with some reluctance that we spare a few lines to note some of the small errors which must occur even in the best of books, when it deals with a subject complicated by so many thousands of small details. But we must point out that in October 1807 the King of Etruria was a child of tender years with a widowed mother, not a young prince with a consort (ii. 150). Napoleon did not imprison Dupont and *all* the officers who returned from Baylen, (ii. p. 173) but only the general and his subordinates Vedel, Marescot, Chabert and Villoutreys from among more than sixty officers who were sent back by the Spaniards. Dörnberg was not a leader of Prussian outposts (ii. 459) but an officer of the King's German Legion in the English service. The Imperial Guard did not wear shakos (ii. 342) but bearskin caps. It is not true to say that at Waterloo Ney made no attempt to secure the ground won by his great cavalry charges by using infantry. At about 6 o'clock he hurled Foy's and Bachelu's division against the English right centre, only to see them beaten back and almost exterminated. This fact (unaccountably neglected in most narratives of Waterloo) is fully established by the diaries of Foy and Lemonnier-Delafosse, as well as by several narratives in Siborne's "Waterloo Letters". But all these are details: a hundred such slips would not seriously affect the merits of this most excellent book.

RUSSIAN HISTORY.

"A History of Russia from the Birth of Peter the Great to the Death of Alexander II." By W. R. Morfill. London: Methuen. 1902. 7s. 6d.

"Peter III. Emperor of Russia." By R. Nisbet Bain. London: Constable. 1902. 10s. 6d. net.

THERE is perhaps no country in the world—certainly there is none in Europe—about which we are more ignorant than Russia. Magazine articles, frequently written by contributors who never having visited the vast empire consider themselves qualified to enlighten the public, help to intensify our perplexity. According to these, Russia is either the most—or the least—desirable spot upon earth. There is no middle course. Such being the case it is a distinct pleasure to note the appearance of two volumes dealing with Russian history which are remarkably free from all exaggerations. The authors, in both instances, may be said to have approached their subject with an impartial mind. After a careful examination of Mr. Morfill's book we confess to a feeling of keen disappointment. He certainly provides a storehouse of facts invaluable to the student. But the "general reader" for whom this "little work has been undertaken" will decline to plod through page after page of disconnected narrative. The final resource of the desperate has even been denied the "general reader", for the index is a masterpiece of

incompleteness. The student, anxious to master the intricacies of that period of Russian history with which the book deals, will find it, with certain reservations, a considerable acquisition. Its lack of style will probably only irritate him. Its lack of lucidity may occasionally oblige him to consult other authorities. The need for a good history of Russia in the English language is great; therefore the slipshod manner in which this work has been carried out by one of the very few Englishmen competent to have undertaken it is to be regretted. The following sentence may serve as a sample of Mr. Morfill's style. "And so it came about that the mother of Peter the Great was Tsaritsa." (p. 2.)

The meaning of the passage on p. 3, "Already progress had begun and Russia was looking to the West", is not quite clear. Russia did not suddenly awaken to consciousness in the reign of Alexis, father of Peter the Great. That Russia looked to the West was owing to the fact that her enemies Sweden, Poland, and Turkey were all to be found in that direction. It is perhaps advisable to remind those who consider that progress really began with the adoption of the West European reforms of the Tsar Creator that the first Russian towns of any influence were situated in the western territory,—namely Kiev, the capital of the most powerful of the early Russian principalities, and Great Novgorod. The latter was known in Western Europe as an important member of the Hanseatic League and was the most influential town in Northern Russia during the Middle Ages. The invasion of the Mongols in the thirteenth century and the consequent importance of the Tatar capital, Kazan, which owing to the establishment of the Great Fair (now held at Nijni-Novgorod) soon became the principal seat of commerce between Russia and Asia, diverted the power eastwards. The victory of Dmitri Donskoi, Grand-Duke of Moscow, over the Golden Horde in 1380 caused the centre of gravity to be moved westward again when Moscow was recognised as the capital of Russia. S. Petersburg, the final political step westward, was the result of a determined man's strong will. Peter the Great's long conflict with Charles XII. of Sweden convinced him that he must command the eastern shores of the Baltic in order effectually to crush his enemy and ensure the existence of his new capital. In regard to the question of progress we are also inclined to question the expediency of imposing arbitrarily upon any nation a civilisation entirely foreign to it. This can hardly be termed progress because of the total absence of the permanent element inseparable from all gradual progression. It is unfortunate that Mr. Morfill could not find space to consider the more recent expressions of Russian opinion as to the true character of the reforms of the Great Tsar.

The account of that most interesting yet extremely complicated period of Russian history—the reign of Elizabeth Petrovna—is altogether unsatisfactory. Confused in parts it conveys no clear idea to the reader of the author's real meaning. The great importance of the rôle filled by the patriotic chancellor, Alexius Bestuzhev, is overlooked—or not understood. We are shown a caricature of the man, greedy, grasping. The statesman, who in the face of determined opposition steered his country successfully through her diplomatic difficulties and obliged her enemies to recognise her as a force to be seriously reckoned with, even in the very hour of their victory, is entirely ignored.

Mr. Morfill's statement that in the reign of Catharine the Great "everywhere factories were erected for new industries" is perhaps meant ironically. That she "did a great deal to improve the condition of the burgher or middle classes" is surprising, as she is supposed to have done everything in her power to create a "middle class". In Chapters XI. and XII. the author is at his best, and has undoubtedly been very much inspired by N. K. Shilder's remarkable work on "The Emperor Alexander I." Not only all the previous literature on the subject is made use of in these volumes, but much that is new and of inestimable value in studying the complex personality of the Tsar and in furnishing a graphic picture of the period, is introduced. Mr. Morfill has certainly done justice to this important reign and his appreciation of the

Emperor, whom he likens to the heroes of the old Greek drama "struggling to be noble but unable to resist the decrees of fate", is attractive. The retreat of the French from Moscow is admirably described. The final pages of the book dealing with the relations of Finland to Russia and "The Spread of the Russian Dominion in Asia" are a condensation of much useful information but contain nothing new on either subject. The lack of a bibliography prevents any criticism of Mr. Morfill's authorities. It, however, seems incredible that he should consider Rulhière's History of the Russian Revolution of 1762 as "one of the greatest authorities for the events of this revolution" adding that it "is in the main accurate enough". In the light of recent contributions to Russian history it has been satisfactorily proved that the French attaché's mendacity was colossal. It was moreover spiteful and scandalous.

Mr. Nisbet Bain's volume "Peter III." is the third of a series commencing with "The Pupils of Peter the Great". In the words of the author it is "an attempt to construct an authentic and impartial biography" of the incompetent yet not unkindly husband of Catharine the Great. It cannot be considered history in the true sense of the word but it is historical narrative charmingly told. Apart from its continuous interest, the ease and brightness of its style, it has the merit of being the result of very careful and accurate research. The author is completely master of his subject, and though at times his fondness for anecdote may appear excessive, he succeeds in placing before us a very vivid picture of the physical and mental "failure" who occupied the throne of Russia for the short space of six months. The dominant traits in Peter's character—his infatuation for the King of Prussia and his hatred of Denmark are well brought out. Peter's undisguised contempt for Russia and the Russians, his unseemly behaviour during divine service and his treatment of the dignitaries of the Orthodox Church, added to his injudicious reforms of the army, could not fail to destroy the veneration for the Tsar which is the secret of the strength of Russian autocracy. Catharine's enthusiasm for her adopted country, her energy and intrepidity were well calculated to create a favourable impression. Towards the end of Peter's reign the general discontent "only needed a pretext, an opportunity for bursting forth, and the infatuated Emperor himself supplied this opportunity by endeavouring to saddle his exhausted country with a frivolous war after bestowing upon her the doubtful benefit of an inglorious peace". The story of the revolution and the dethroned Tsar's miserable end is dramatically but simply told by Mr. Bain, who is distinctly to be congratulated on his latest contribution to the literature of Russian history. A very complete bibliography with a critical estimate of the various documents relating to this history adds considerably to the value of the work.

DR. HARNACK DOGMATISING.

"Monasticism and Confessions of S. Augustine." Two Lectures by Adolf Harnack. London: Williams and Norgate. 1901. 4s.

THOSE people who are responsible for issuing Dr. Harnack's popular lectures in England, are doing his reputation a doubtful service. For the historian of dogma we yield to no one in respect; but for the dogmatist upon history we have none. The sole end served by such a lecture as this on monasticism is to throw the whole history of the Church into such a perspective as shall reveal the present individualistic Church of Germany as the one faithful guardian of the apostolic ideal. Dr. Harnack dislikes hierarchies and so the organised Church of the third century is represented as having made "the great refusal" and departed from the original idea of Christianity. The hierarchic system "threatened to stifle not only Christian freedom and independence, but also the very sense of brotherhood . . . the strong band that held her together was no longer religious hopes or brotherly love". Surely it would be as sensible to say that the episcopal organisation which

Irenæus urged upon the churches of Asia was a secularising policy; or that the strong discipline of the German army has been the ruin of camaraderie. And yet on another page, the historian for the moment triumphing over the individualist, Dr. Harnack owns that the alternative before the Church at the end of the second century was "either to begin a world-mission on a grand scale by effectively entering the Roman social system—of course to the rejection of her original equipment and force—or to retain these, to keep the original forms of life, but remain a small and insignificant sect, scarcely intelligible to one in a thousand, incapable of saving and educating whole nations". It would have been indeed a perilous passage for the Church if the Charybdis of impotence had been the only alternative to the Scylla of insignificance. We find, however, a few pages further on, that this secularised Church retained "the old Gospel". But was not that "her original equipment" as well as her "force"? In dealing with the origin of the monasticism, which arose out of, and as a sign against, this secularised Church, Dr. Harnack is not very convincing. If it arose and flourished in Egypt the causes must have been local, and not general; and Dr. Harnack, forgetting his general plea of secularisation, finds two such causes, an ascetic instinct heathen in origin, and the teaching of the Alexandrian catechetical school. These are points upon which we would gladly hear Dr. Harnack argue at length, but he dismisses them in a couple of pages, to return to his general propositions, which can neither profit nor deliver. "It is one of the most striking historical facts that the Church, precisely at the time when she was becoming more and more a legal and sacramental institution, threw out an ideal of life which could be realised, not in herself, but only alongside of herself." In comparing the two contrasted types of fourth-century hermits, those who in the desert rejoiced in nature and those who shunned it and tortured themselves like Simeon Stylites, Dr. Harnack asks which of these can claim the truer descent from "Græco-Christian" ancestry, and he replies "the latter alone"; because the former made compromises. But in so deciding he forgets all that he had written above about the "heathen" origin of the Egyptian asceticism, and also all that he had written at the beginning of his lecture about its being to the first Christian "no irreconcilable contradiction that the earth is the Lord's although at the same time it lies under the devastating rule of Satan". So for several pages further the Egyptian asceticism becomes Greek, and gives rise to an attack upon the Greek Church.

The second part of the lecture is an attack upon the Papacy. It is a brilliant sketch of the rise of the successive monastic orders in the West and their relations with the Roman See; which exploited them all. There is, of course, truth in this point of view; but one cannot but think the monks themselves, if they could read Dr. Harnack's philosophy of their existence, would protest with some indignation at being squeezed into so shallow a formula. Whether the Popes used them or not, they lived their life, and this after all is the most important fact about them. Dr. Harnack, as he passes in review each new order, gives it a special mark of its own: these marks seem occasionally too epigrammatic to be true. Thus of S. Francis he says "He restored the Gospel to the people who had hitherto possessed only the priest and the Sacrament". Every revival of religion may be described as a restoration of the Gospel to the people; and assuredly there were revivalists before S. Francis.

It is with relief that we pass on to the second essay of the book, which is a remarkably sympathetic sketch of the life and character of S. Augustine, whom Dr. Harnack not without a touch of humour describes as the greatest man the Christian Church has produced "between S. Paul the Apostle and Luther the Reformer". The only strictly original matter in the essay, a comparison between Augustine and Goethe's Faust, is interesting; but more interesting still is the thorough appreciation displayed for the great Doctor: except in the one weakness of submitting his judgment to the Church. It is a pity that this lecture was not printed in a volume by itself and then we could recom-

mend it wholeheartedly. There are no purple patches in the lecture, or if there are, their colour is lost in the translation; but one paragraph will show the enthusiasm with which the Professor writes:

"Great as is his art, he never destroyed the uniformity of his style, which is from one fount, because dominated by a single rounded personality. It is a *person* that meets us in his language, and we feel that this person is everywhere richer than his expression. This is the key to the understanding of the enduring influence of Augustine. Life is kindled only upon life, one lover influences the other: these are his own words, and we may apply them to himself. He was far greater than his writings, for he understood how by his writings to draw men into his life. And with all the tenderness of feeling, with all the constant melting into emotion and the lyricism of the style, there is yet a sublime repose throughout the work. The motto of the book—"Thou, Lord, hast made us after Thine own image. And our heart cannot be at rest till it finds rest in Thee"—is at the same time the seal of the book and the keynote of its language. No fear, no bitterness thenceforward troubles the reader; and that though the book is a sketch of the history of distress and inner trouble. He has not ceased to see riddles everywhere—in the course of the world, in man, in himself; but the riddles have ceased to oppress him, for he trusts that God in His wisdom has ordered all things. Mists of sorrow and of tears still surround him, but at heart he is free."

NOVELS.

"Mock Beggars Hall: a Story." By M. Betham-Edwards. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1902. 6s.

Miss Betham-Edwards in her new story of Suffolk farming life in the eighteen-forties gives us a capital piece of rustic romance with good portraits and the racy talk of East Anglian folk. The story turns upon the appearance upon the scene of a young woman, the fruit of an early intrigue, to the confusion of her father. The father is a sturdy but weak-willed, middle-aged farmer living with his sister Naamah at the oddly named farm Mock Beggars Hall, and the illegitimate daughter is taken on from the workhouse as "mawther" or servant maid. The girl soon becomes aware of her relationship to the farmer and schemes to be acknowledged, but without success. She is courted by a gentleman-pupil of a neighbouring farmer and in the treatment of this courting the author is quite unconventional. The story is notable for its well-individualised characters.

"Mistress Barbara Cunliffe." By Halliwell Sutcliffe. London: Unwin. 1901. 6s.

The title of this book is misleading, for the story has nothing to do with those periods when the address, Mistress, was habitually employed for a lady. We hesitate to express unreserved condemnation, and we may even admit that certain passages are meritorious, but the book as a whole is sadly wearisome and requires a persevering effort to go through. The evident intention of the author is to arouse sympathy for the children who were sweated in Lancashire mills last century. This however is very like flogging a dead horse, and seriousness is unrelieved by any trace of humour or vivacity. We must utter a warning to those who regard novels as intended to beguile railway journeys, for, if they purchase this book with that expectation, they are doomed to disappointment.

"The Lord of Corsygedol." By Evan R. Evans. London: The Griffon Press. 1902. 3s. 6d.

This is a tale of Welsh life in the sixteenth century. The scene is laid in South Merioneth in the district where lie Barmouth, Dinas Mawddwy and Cader Idris. The woods of the Mawddwy were in those days haunted by a gang of red-haired brigands (Gwylliaid Cochion) whose exploits give a picturesque background to a somewhat conventional story of a gallant soldier kept out of his heritage by a melodramatic villain. There are some pretty descriptions of scenery, and real power is shown in the chapter which records the tragic doom of that stern old Welsh lawyer Baron Owen. The heroine however despite her misfortunes is supremely

uninteresting, and the conversation (though sometimes stilted) hardly suits the epoch. It is also difficult to understand why the story should run over the enormous space of twelve years. Welshmen will not thank the author for accusing even their brigand compatriots of a plot to steal communion plate. Still the book should give a new interest to some of the fairest valleys of Wales and the tourist who wends his way thither should make it his companion.

"The Mystery of a Shipyard." By Richard Henry Savage. London: White. 1902. 6s.

Colonel Savage's touch is ultra-modern, and he should lay none of his plots much earlier than the day before yesterday. This is another example of the sensational narratives of international intrigue in which he finds himself most at home. Once more we have the forcible dramatic contrast of Muscovite and American racial types and political traditions with the adventurous Englishman and the same great issues staked in secrecy. Flung on a shifting background of Paris and Hakodate, San Francisco and Vladivostok, all this makes an effective and captivating form of sensationalism. If it were not for a single all-pervading cause of offence one might almost think one was reading Colonel Savage at his best again, but he still persists in an exasperating dislocation of little paragraphs, each equipped with a perfectly superfluous exclamation mark.

"Mazeppa." By Fred. Whishaw. London: Chatto and Windus. 1902. 6s.

This is a more than usually readable novel of historic adventure, and has a soundness of fibre which is the mark of excellent workmanship. The author is sufficiently well versed in Russian history to give his narrative the right authentic atmosphere, while he avoids, for the most part, the display of superfluous antiquarianism. The story is put into the mouth of a contemporary of the titular hero, and is told with a dramatic power of reserve and a sure handling of character.

"The Keys of the House." By Algernon Gissing. London: Methuen. 1902. 6s.

Mr. Algernon Gissing's chief theme is an unsuitable marriage, wherein a worldly woman and a retiring parson are fettered for life, and of the upbringing of the son of the ill-starred union. The principals are not wholly convincing, but some of the minor characters—Martha, the Yorkshire servant, and Abram Gourlock, the Cumberland shepherd—are capital. The best things in the book are the impressions of North-country scenery, but as a story the book must be voted dull.

"The Expatriates." By Lilian Bell. London: Hutchinson. 1902. 6s.

The Expatriates are Americans in Paris whose association with decadent members of the noblesse supplies a series of vivid and half-truthful scenes. There is no story to speak of, and the melodrama is transpontine. The writer has a good deal of observation and some penetration; the virtues of her hero are too monotonous for human nature.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Parliament: its Romance, its Comedy, its Pathos." By Michael MacDonagh. Westminster: King. 1902. 7s. 6d. net.

This volume is a collection of magazine sketches written by a member of the "Times" reporting staff in the Gallery. It is mostly light fare, not by any means unappetising to those who are fond of the trifles and curiosities of parliamentary life. One chapter "The Old House of Commons and the New" reminds us that the Bellamy, for whose pies Pitt on his death-bed was said to have a desire, was caterer to the Houses of Parliament for more than half a century. His hostelry was in Palace Yard, and he made "a huge fortune out of the chops and steaks and pork-pies and bottles of port which he served to hungry Peers and Commoners, when the Houses sat beyond the dinner hour." A Bellamy would not, we think, make a large fortune if he depended on the Peers who sit beyond the dinner hour to-day. The Commoners are better business from the caterer's point of view. A few years ago during an all-night sitting they ate up everything within the precincts of the House, and the agonised caterer had to dash out into the streets and buy up the contents of a coffee stall just to go on with.

"Charles Darwin. His Life told in an autobiographical chapter, and in a selected series of his published Letters." Edited by Francis Darwin. London: Murray. 1902. 2s. 6d. net.

"The Origin of Species." By Charles Darwin. London: Grant Richards. 1902. 1s. net.

"The Origin of Species." By Charles Darwin. London: The Unit Library. 1902. 11d.

Mr. Murray is doing in our view a public service by republishing Darwin's works and Darwin's life in this new and cheap edition. The portrait of Darwin which appears as frontispiece is from one of the finest photographs ever taken by Mrs. Julia Cameron, whose work with the camera remains unrivalled. This book is an abbreviation of the "Life and Letters" of Darwin which appeared some fifteen years ago, and the purely scientific and technical parts of the latter have been omitted; but it remains a sound and a delightful work. Just now it is interesting to note that Darwin admitted with his usual candour, the year before his death, that he ought to have insisted more strongly than he had on the many adaptations for the self-fertilisation of flowers. The editor reminds us that on one occasion the Duke of Argyll said to Darwin, in reference to some of his discoveries in regard to the fertilisation of orchids, &c., that it was impossible to look at these without seeing that they were the effect and the expression of mind. "I shall never forget (wrote the Duke of Argyll) Mr. Darwin's answer. He looked at me very hard and said, 'Well, that often comes over me with overwhelming force; but at other times,' and he shook his head vaguely, adding, 'it seems to go away.'" No public service is rendered by the re-issue of the earlier and incomplete editions of Darwin's books. Two such editions of the "Origin of Species" have reached us, one published by the Unit Library, Limited, the other by Mr. Grant Richards. We had hoped that Mr. Murray, by bringing out a few weeks ago in a cheap form the sixth and complete edition of this work, had prevented the re-issue of earlier ones. But it has not turned out so. The punctuation in these two re-issues of early editions of "The Origin of Species" is extremely bad, but it seems to have been Darwin's own. Yet did not the bill for proof corrections amount to something like seventy pounds?

"The Metropolitan Police Guide." By W. F. A. Archibald, J. H. Greenhagh and J. Roberts. Third edition. London: New Scotland Yard. 1901.

A glance at the contents of the enormous volume which serves as a guide for the Metropolitan Police, extending to over 1,400 closely printed pages, shows the extraordinary powers of the police-court magistrate. It is remarkable in how many cases there is no appeal from his decision. Still more remarkable is the variety of matters which may be brought before him. From a charge of murder he may have to turn to an intricate question of rating law. At one moment he is trying a case of adulteration of food; then he takes some technical point under the London Building Act; next he has to deal with a lunatic, or again with some important question of public health. Besides all this he attends to the usual lists of drunk and disorderly, School Board summonses, and the regular daily fare of the police court. The multiplicity of modern statutes has brought an enormous addition to the duties of the Metropolitan Police, and especially to the metropolitan magistrate, while the district which is subject to the control of the Metropolitan Police extends roughly over fifteen miles round Charing Cross, and runs into no less than seven counties. The apparently limitless nature of the code may be illustrated by an incident in a French court under the Code Napoléon. An urchin was brought before a French police-court magistrate charged with pulling hairs out of the tails of horses kept for State ceremonies. The magistrate turned over page after page of his code to find a clause under which he could convict, and at last decided that the offence came under the clause relating to the defacement of public monuments. A London stipendiary would be quite equal to a similar emergency under his Metropolitan code. It would be better for the administration of justice if many of the powers referred to in this guide were transferred to different officials. Most matters which are peculiar to the Metropolis and which the ordinary justice of the peace in the country has never to deal with might well be taken away from the stipendiary, and placed in the hands of a specialised official. Half a dozen courts, each taking a large area, presided over by appointees of the Local Government Board would be excellent tribunals for trying cases arising out of the difficulties of London government, in the initial stage. The stipendiary could then be left with his legitimate criminal business with purely ancillary matters—an increasing volume every year.

"Japan: our new Ally." By Alfred Stead. London: Unwin. 1902. 6s.

Palpably a genuine effort to expound for the benefit of English readers the principles which actuate Japan in her eagerness to keep pace with new inventions and modern science, Mr. Stead's work is not without merit. Accuracy has in places been sacrificed, however, to the desire to be first in the field. The war with China began in the autumn of 1894 and ended with the fall of Wei-hai-Wei in February, 1895. Mr. Stead in

more than one place post-dates it a whole year. The true meaning upon page 218 is obscured by a false division of the sentence. The portrait of a Japanese statesman facing page 158 is, not as the inscription beneath denotes, that of Admiral Yamamoto, Minister of the Navy, but of Viscount Yoshikawa, Minister for Communications, who bears absolutely no resemblance to the naval officer mentioned. Certain figures in the calculations regarding taxation per capita, too, are misleading, but, whilst these are all grave discrepancies in a book designed to convey useful information concerning our allies, here and there attention is profitably drawn to matters which possess uncommon interest. The superiority of the Tokio Cabinet to the claims of party, for example, is adequately set forth. A minister in Japan owes his appointment directly to the choice of his Sovereign, and is responsible for his acts whilst in office to the ruler alone. It follows that a Cabinet Minister need not be elected to Parliament, and several members of the existing Katsura Administration do not represent constituencies. The completeness of Japan's military preparations struck Mr. Stead very forcibly, of course, but it is a bold thing to tell us, as he does almost in so many words in his seventeenth chapter, that the maintenance of British prestige in the Far East essentially depends upon the retention by King Edward VII. of the personal friendship of Marquis Ito.

"Westminster Abbey." By Charles Hiatt. London: Bell. 1902. 1s. 6d. net.

This is one of the useful little "Cathedral Series" to which we have referred more than once. Some five-and-twenty cathedrals have already been written of in these handbooks, and a beginning has now been made with some of the great abbey churches, minsters and priories. Mr. Hiatt might have found room for a few remarks on the old oak of the Abbey, which is particularly fine, like that of Winchester. His description of the college garden and the little cloister and other beautiful spots within the precincts is rather slight and colourless; but, on the whole, perhaps it was best for his purpose to keep closely to dates and hard facts.

"A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy." By Laurence Sterne. London: The Unit Library. 1902. 1s. 6d.

We are glad to renew acquaintance with this garrulous little book, though the print and paper of the present edition leave something to be desired. Sterne's startling story is often told, and it is certainly a charming piece of writing. We doubt, however, whether people accustomed to the ways of birds in captivity can regard that startling as anything but an abnormal bird. Brought up by hand, it would be scarcely likely to pine at its captivity in the way Sterne represents it as doing. The best thing in the "Journey" is probably the last, "The Case of Delicacy", though the humour verges on broadness.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1 Mai. 3f.

This number contains a brilliant article, unsigned, on the expansion of Germany eastward at the expense of the Slavs. The writer sees in Hungary and Roumania the inevitable allies of Germanism. This hardly tallies with what one knows of Hungarian feeling. There are some interesting letters of Taine's selected from his correspondence which, we are glad to learn, is shortly to be published. Captain Martin Decaen's article on his adventures in revolted Uganda is worth reading, not least for the curious instances it supplies of truly Gallic vanity. He seems to have had good reason to complain of the treatment he received at the hands of a Baboo in charge of one of our establishments. Probably there is no more offensive being unchained than a Baboo Jack-in-office, but the Captain has the grace to acknowledge that such adventures as his would pass almost unremarked in our own army. M. Charnes tries to prove that the elections have gone against the French Government on the whole, wherein he shows his courage.

THE MAY REVIEWS.

The three subjects chiefly prominent in the new Reviews are Cecil Rhodes, the Education Bill, and the problems which will engage the attention of the Colonial Conference to be held in London after the Coronation. There are of course numerous other articles that should be read, such as Mr. Leslie Stephen's on the Ascendancy of the Future and the Rev. Douglas Maclean's on "The Unique Continuity of Our Coronation Rite" in the "Nineteenth Century", Mr. W. C. Macpherson's in the "Monthly Review" on the Coronation and the Pseudo-Jacobites, Mr. D. G. Hogarth's in the "National" on the Bagdad Railway, "Linesman's" account of an unrecorded incident in the war and "Individualism in Modern Cricket" in "Blackwood" and Mr. Charles Bastide's appreciation of M. Waldeck Rousseau in the "Fortnightly". By far the most attractive, though not the most important, contributions to the Reviews this month are concerned with Cecil Rhodes. The "Fortnightly" leads off with a capital paper by Mr. S. B. Iwan-Muller, who describes his subject as a blend of the commercial and the imaginative. The object of Rhodes' devotion, says Mr. Muller, was England, "an England not confined within the weather-beaten shores

of an island in the northern sea, but an England spreading its branches over all those areas of the habitable globe not definitely appropriated by any civilised Power. And it was not the England of to-day so much as the England of a remoter future which constantly occupied his imagination". Rhodes believed that the time would come when he would be regarded not as a land-grabber, but as a man who secured for unborn generations homes and markets which other nations were eager to appropriate. Mr. Muller tells some good stories which serve to illustrate Rhodes' originality and independence. The best is that of his clumsy frankness in thanking the German Emperor for the Kruger telegram. "You see, sir, I got myself into a bad scrape and I was coming home to be whipped as a naughty boy by grandmamma when you kindly stepped in and sent that telegram and you got the whipping instead of me." Her Majesty's grandson could not possibly have known that Rhodes always spoke of England as grandmamma. Mr. Sidney Low in the "Nineteenth Century" summarises Rhodes' cardinal doctrines, the concluding one being that the British Constitution is "an absurd anachronism and should be remodelled on the lines of the American Union with federal self-governing colonies as the constituent states". What impressed Mr. Low in his interviews with Cecil Rhodes was personality—"the restless vivid soul that set the big body fidgeting in nervous movements, the imaginative mysticism, the absorbing egotism of the man with great ideas and the unconscious dramatic instinct". Sir Charles Warren in the "Contemporary" seeks to show that Rhodes whom he knew well has received rather more credit than is his due. "It is no reflection on the greatness of Cecil Rhodes to dispute the statements of his biographers that from him emanated the original ideas of preserving the trade route in the northern part of South Africa, of constructing railways and telegraph lines through the Dark Continent, and kindred subjects. These ideas were topics of general conversation in South Africa long before Cecil Rhodes took them up."

Oxford not less than the Empire is the direction in which the influence of Cecil Rhodes on the future is sought by the reviewers. By a curious coincidence, before his will appeared, Mr. Sydney Brooks had written an article for the "Monthly Review" urging Oxford and Cambridge to wake up to the duty they owe to the Empire and provide for the needs of Colonial students who now gravitate largely to American universities. Oxford and Cambridge, says Mr. Brooks, "have become democratic: can they not become Imperial also?" The editor of the "Monthly Review", dealing with Mr. Rhodes and Greater Oxford, is of opinion that it is impossible to doubt that the place whose genius is to be brought so much more directly to bear upon the destinies of three Empires, must itself undergo some change in the process. "Blackwood" thinks that the university scheme "is designed to promote a humane life and to increase the comity of nations. . . . By enabling some two hundred strangers to pass three years in the humaner atmosphere of Oxford and to learn that life is not shut in by the struggle for wealth, Mr. Rhodes has accomplished all that one man may do". The note of doubt as to the effect of the will on Oxford is sounded by Professor Case in the "National Review". His object is to show that "on the one hand the legacies to Oriel are an unmixed good, on the other hand the foundation of colonial, American and German scholarships, tenable at Oxford, will be good or evil, according to the use or abuse of the gift by the University itself". Professor Case is chiefly concerned lest the Rhodes' scholarships should strengthen the hands of those who advocate the abandonment of Greek. "Give up Greek and civilisation becomes a chaos." But with the study of Greek, Oxford "will extend the power of really comprehending the universal truths of Greek, Latin and Christian civilisation to the whole Empire of Great Britain and to all English-speaking people affected by the provisions of Rhodes' will". No less than four articles, two by Dr. Hans Sauer, one by C. de Thierry and the fourth by Mr. G. Seymour Fort are devoted to Cecil Rhodes in the "Empire Review".

Sir Robert Giffen in the "Nineteenth Century" follows up his letter in the "Times" in which he proclaimed his conviction that a British Zollverein is an impossibility. We are not quite sure whether we ought to laugh at Sir Robert Giffen's antics in the logical entanglements woven about him by Free-trade, to pity him or to expose his assumption of superior knowledge. A British Zollverein is impossible, in his view, because you will never induce the colonies to give up customs duties altogether. Therefore all you can have is preferential treatment. Preferential arrangements, he says, are expected to effect the same objects as a Zollverein. If Sir Robert Giffen cannot see that for all practical purposes they would, the fault does not lie with others whose vision is clearer than his. Lest this exceedingly poor specimen of an argument should be of no effect he invokes Protection, and says that the question of Imperial Federation is being prejudiced by its identification with the attempt to destroy Free-trade. He wants a Free-trade empire—free to the world that is, not free within itself. How long does he imagine such an invertebrate defenceless thing would survive in a world of eager competition and customs restrictions? The colonies are too wide awake even to discuss so farcical a proposition. Sir Harry Johnston's survey of the "Problems of the Empire" in

the same Review is, as might be expected, a much more practical production than Sir Robert Giffen's. He declares in favour of "a differential tariff for Imperial products" and affords some idea how such a tariff would benefit the whole Empire. Mr. Henry W. Macrosty, in an article in the "Fortnightly" which shows a most comprehensive knowledge of trade movements, opposes Protection and advocates organisation, but surely gives away the whole case for such Free-trade as we have when he says in his concluding words "we must sell in order to buy". We buy, in the shape of imports, £500,000,000 and we sell in the shape of exports £300,000,000. Does that suggest that buying and selling are entirely interdependent? Moderate Protection would help us to sell more and buy less. Mr. W. S. Lilly's article, also in the "Fortnightly", on the Collapse of England is unduly sensational, but his picture of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach kowtowing before "the Mumbo Jumbo of Free-trade" is admirable. Captain Mahan's "Motives to Imperial Federation" in the "National Review" is mainly interesting as an intelligent foreigner's re-statement of a case which Britons have stated for themselves pretty frequently. Between a federated British Empire and the American Republic Captain Mahan anticipates the most cordial relations. We should be more inclined to lend ear to his representations if we could regard him as a typical American. His sentiments will not find a wide echo on the other side of the Atlantic.

The Education Bill rouses indignant partisans like Mr. James Bryce and Mr. Lyulph Stanley, and whilst the former in the "Nineteenth Century" declares the motives of the framers of the Bill to be political or ecclesiastical, not educational, the latter in the "Contemporary" says that efficiency is to be sacrificed to the supposed eagerness for definite dogmatic teaching, the eagerness of the Church organisation not of parents or teachers. "Blackwood" is properly severe on "the pitiful outcry raised by the more violent Dissenters and those ultra-Radicals whose hatred of all established institutions seems sometimes to include Christianity". Mr. T. J. Macnamara in the "Fortnightly" predicts that the proposal of rate aid to Church schools will cause the free Churches to leave no stone unturned to secure a separate school or schools in every village which is now supplied by the Church schools only and suggests as a counsel of despair that provision should be made for denominational instruction outside the premises of undenominational schools, and in denominational schools the setting aside of one day a week for catechetical and Church teaching, the remainder being "frankly undenominational". Mr. Cloudesley Brereton, on the other hand, writing also in the "Fortnightly", regards the Bill as likely to become "our Educational Act of Settlement", and in adopting the principle of one responsible local authority he thinks the Government have shown "a commendable inclination to give up their previous hand-to-mouth methods of legislation and to tackle the question on a scale worthy of the subject". In the "Monthly Review" Mr. Brereton makes a more detailed examination of the measure, and condemns the self-advertising Little Englanders, who are busy seeking to foster separatist tendencies in religion and education. The one great blot which Mr. Brereton finds on the Government proposals is that nothing is said about the presence of women on the school committees.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

Über das Leben. By Graf Leo Tolstoi. Deutsch von Adele Berger. Berlin: Hugo Steinitz. 1902. M. 2.

This is a most remarkable though somewhat monotonous book. It has already been translated into French, but it is not very familiar to English readers. It presents the essence of Count Tolstoi's aspect of life. He distinguishes between "life" and "existence". Life, he says, is the perpetual progress towards good, and it is only in such struggle and activity that joy is to be found. Existence is merely that appearance of self-conscious matter which is called "personality". The great aim of every human being is to subject ("unterwerfen") this personality to the true life, which is also the true joy, and to live in the love for others. This love, he defines as the preference of their good to our own. Life is love; and the non-loving life is bare existence. "He that loseth his life shall find it."

It will be gathered that, in many respects, his doctrine is the refrain of the Gospels. He is very careful too to point out that the abolition of personality is not the function of man—rather its subordination, and in this sense he is in direct opposition to the pessimism of Schopenhauer. But of theology, of his conceptions of the Deity, or even till the very close, of duty, he is completely silent. What is usually termed "spirit", he calls "reason". He quotes Buddha and Confucius to show that humanity have always had a glimmering of the truth. He condemns all systems which find life in the investigation of the processes of being. He says that they ignore the substance and pursue the shadow. He declares that, even by instinct of material existence, all mankind are perpetually striving to escape from themselves; and, in their self-sacrifice for others, he indignantly denies any element of the heroic. It is purely, he asserts, the law of life. Men, he says, feel a dual nature simply because they are accustomed to regard material

phenomena as realities, and to concentrate themselves on "personality".

"The brute" (he says in considering the thesis that "the law of human life contradicts the welfare of the animal personality" at p. 93) can only live for its body. Nothing prevents it from so doing; it satisfies its own needs, serves its own kind unconsciously, and is ignorant that it is a personality at all. But the reasonable man cannot live only for his body. He cannot, just because he knows that he is a personality, because "he knows also that other beings too—personalities like himself—exist, because he knows what the natural result of the mutual relations of these personalities must be". (This passage, be it noted, ignores the capacity of a dog, for instance, to die from affection to its master.) And again (p. 98) "The entry into life and life itself resemble what happens to a horse taken from its stable by its master and harnessed. To the horse emerging from its stall, beholding the light and scenting freedom, it seems that this freedom is life; but it is put into harness and driven to toil. It feels the burden behind it; and, if it think that life only consists in freedom to kick up its hoofs, it begins to rebel, falls under, and sometimes strikes itself dead. Otherwise, two ways out are alone open to it. Either it goes forward bearing its load, till it perceives that the burden is not heavy, and the being driven is rather a joy than a pain; or it will break loose; and its master will take it to a stationary wheel, bind it with straps to a wall, move the wheel under it, till it must walk in one place and in the dark. It will suffer, but its powers will not be misused in vain. It will perform its unwilling labour and fulfil the law of its being. The sole difference will be that its first service will be a pleasurable one, its second, one grudged and painful." Why then, he asks, does personality exist? His answer is original. The same relation, he avers, subsists between the brute and its opposing material environment, as between mankind and "personality". "Why," might exclaim the brute also, "exist the mechanical, physical and chemical laws of matter, with which I must battle to attain the goal of self-preservation?" and the answer in both cases is that matter, and its manifestation in "personality", respectively, are means and not ends.

So far Tolstoi's interpretation of Christian self-sacrifice as a "natural" law is enlightening; although he does not touch on what appears to us the perplexing problem. Self-sacrifice seems not a "natural" law, but a supernatural. The material creation is ruled by other laws; and the conflict is one between the spiritual evolution, and the material. One can hardly complain of Tolstoi's want of logic. But in the latter portion of his book, where he attempts to solve the mystery of pain, this lack of reasoning power has brought him perilously within the verge of nonsense. After reminding us of the truism that such suffering as springs from our own misdoing awakens the need for reform, he proceeds to address himself to accidental pain. He himself rejects as absurd the solution of its being examples of instruction for future ages; and yet all his own comments are based (and it is a long exposition) on final causes. Such suffering, he says, in effect, is explained by the necessity of our being gradually schooled to escape the trammels of "personality". We should have thought that nothing tended more to concentrate men on themselves than such insoluble agony. While grateful to Tolstoi for so noble a treatise, we cannot close our eyes to the impression this display of unbalanced judgment necessitates. If he goes so manifestly astray in his treatment of one of the prevailing elements of existence, how are we implicitly to rest on his sound sense, as well as his ardent enthusiasm, in dealing with the others? The translator has done her work excellently, and in her German, we realise without effort the appealing earnestness of the author.

Der Herr Intendant: Geschichte einer Hoftheatersaison. Roman. By Fedor von Zobeltitz. Verlag von Otto Eisener. Berlin. 1901. M. 5.

This bright romance has made some stir in Germany; but we cannot doubt that the sensation was due as much to its personal allusions as to its intrinsic cleverness. It concerns the fortunes and the personnel of the theatre of a small German State under the patronage of a charming if erratic prince, and an artistic grand-duke. More especially does it concern the winning character of the aristocratic director—"Baron von Leeds-Erfingen"—who gives his name to the story, and whose love for the prima donna and the intrigues against it, furnish its plot. "Ditta Arras" is an entrancing heroine and deserves her triumph. All along we move alternately in a Court-Bohemia and Bohemian Court. The subsidiary characters—especially the family of miners, and Othmar, the comedian, are life-like. So is the malicious coterie of official puritans who scheme to wreck Prince Kurt's artistic enterprises. But, when we meet Sudermann and Lindau in the book, witness an actual performance of "John the Baptist" with critical comments, are witnesses of its author's interview with the Royal circle—and the like, we are tempted to ask if this is not carrying "realism" too far, and depriving art of the illusion which lends it its own peculiar truthfulness. Still, stripped of all that personal piquancy which would attend an English narrative of contemporary theatrical celebrities, the

novel is more than readable; it presents a real milieu with success; and it shows that stage life is neither so rosy nor so thorny as it sometimes suits two separate schools of criticism to portray it.

Die grösste Sünde. Drama in fünf Akten. By Otto Ernst. Leipzig: Verlag von L. Stackmann. 1902. M. 2.

This is a real problem play. It does not, as most do which usurp the name, turn commonplace incidents and characters into a stalking-horse for affected complications. It presents and analyses a very old but an undying problem—that of intolerance. Lessing of course treated the theme in his "Nathan": but he treated it in an abstract manner and in typical manifestations. Herr Ernst, following modern tendencies, handles it not only from the standpoint of individual character, but from that also of its social influences.

The hero is Wolfgang Behring, a rather irritating idealist and freethinker who loses no opportunity of denouncing such as bow the knee to the Baal of conventionality. He is engaged to a charming girl who shares and admires his attitude, although she springs from an uncharming family of

(Continued on page 610.)

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The *Deutsche Rundschau* for April is full of varying interest. Droysen's reminiscences of the Mendelssohn family written by his son are fascinating. How little humour however must the elder Droysen have possessed when he resented Heine's delightful letter to him in which he speaks of the plump and spirituelle "Beckchen" as "every pound of her an angel"! Wildenbruch's novel continues: so does Ehrenberg's series about the "Source and Significance of Great Fortunes". Professor Francke contributes a paper upon German culture in the United States; W. V. Seidlitz an essay on Van Eyck; and there is an engrossing article on "The Romance in Early Christian Literature" by C. von Dobschütz.

For This Week's Books see page 612.

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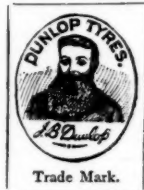
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The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and passing of the accounts, made the following remarks:—

GENTLEMEN,—I have much pleasure in meeting you to-day, and in congratulating you upon the gratifying results which are set forth in the report you have just heard read.

A PROSPEROUS YEAR.

Although at the time of the last annual meeting the nation was plunged in gloom in consequence of the irreparable loss it had sustained in the death of its beloved Sovereign, and the trade of the country generally was more or less depressed by the prolongation of the South African war, yet I ventured on that occasion to predict that so far as Waring and Gillow were concerned the year 1901 would not prove an unprosperous one. Gentlemen, that expression of opinion has been fully verified. We have had what, under the circumstances, must be called an exceptionally successful year. Not only was there a large increase in the volume of the business, but we have been honoured by being entrusted with the carrying out of important contracts for the highest personages.

The distinguished honour conferred upon us by being selected to complete the King's yacht, and to decorate and furnish the Royal apartments at Windsor Castle, is one which you will fully appreciate and value. And perhaps I may add in this connection that from His Majesty himself we received most valuable suggestion of a practical character. Their Majesties' artistic tastes and sympathies are well known; and in addition to the aid we derived from them, the King's profoundly practical judgment was of the utmost value. The reconstruction and decoration of the "Ophir" for the Colonial tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the furnishing and decoration of a palace for the Princess Eulalie at Madrid, are further instances of the high class of work with which we have been entrusted.

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But these are, after all, exceptional orders and orders of a special kind; and it would not be fair to draw too large conclusions as to the growth of the business from them, some of it incidental to the commencement of a new, and we believe a brilliant, régime. It is, therefore, all the more satisfactory to find that the principal development is in the Company's general house-furnishing department. This, after all, must always be the backbone of the business, and its steady growth, which your directors believe to be due to a constant regard for the principles upon which the firm has always acted—namely, soundness of construction, beauty of design, and moderation of cost—cannot but be viewed with the greatest satisfaction.

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Appropriation Account—					
Received for Sale of 6'16					
claims :					
45,089 Robinson Central Deep					
Shares.					
Less on hand					
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20,000 shares				72,646	10 5
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Account No. 1	557,856	15	2		
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		ASSETS.			
By Property—					
Mijnpacht and 30 D.L. Claims ..	2,815,471	6	11		
Less 6'16 Claims sold	26,200	0	0		
	2,789,271	6	11		
Fordsburg Stands	533	1	6		
				2,789,804	8 5
Machinery, Plant, and Buildings—					
Machinery and Plant	107,270	17	7		
Electric Plant	14,241	3	6		
Retreatment Works	38,173	15	1		
Buildings	17,214	4	2		
Furniture	618	1	11		
Plantation, &c.	350	11	8		
Live Stock, &c.	266	17	6		
				178,345	11 5
New Plant—					
New 60-Steps, Cyanide Plant,					
Extension, etc.	43,168	2	10		
New Coal Siding	994	12	0		
				44,162	14 10
Permanent Works—					
Nos. 1 and 2 Incline Shafts	9,071	7	4		
Dam and Reservoirs	2,885	2	5		
New Robinson Ferreira Dam	434	12	11		
				22,291	2 8
Development Account—					
Drives, etc.				36,270	18 6
				281,070	7 5
Stores on Hand—					
General Stores	13,683	12	1		
Stores and Machinery in Tran-					
sit	19,051	8	2		
Foundry Plant	150	0	0		
Bearer Share Warrants	704	14	0		
				33,589	14 3
Purchased Concentrates—					
On hand at Cost				362	3 7
Sundry Debtors				4,926	1
Investments—					
Rand Mutual Assurance Com-					
pany, Limited				1,255	0 0
Robinson Central Deep Shares—					
15,030 Working Capital Shares	30,060	0	0		
25,089 Ordinary shares				30,060	0 0
40,110 Shares					
Cash and Gold Account—					
At Call	243,762	5	0		
At Standard Bank, London	425	17	10		
Gold in Transit £63,237 7 4					
Less Advances £38,000	25,237	7	4		
				269,425	10 2
				339,618	9 6
Suspense Account—					
Gold seized by late Z. A. R.					
Government from Train					
and at Mine				39,900	18 6
				3,450,394	3 10

GEO. ROULIOT, Chairman.
A. P. SCHMIDT, Secretary.

We have Examined the Balance Sheet with the Accounts and Vouchers relating thereto, and certify the same to be correct.

H. J. MACRAE, } Auditors.
C. L. ANDERSSON, }
Incorporated Accountants.

PROFIT and LOSS ACCOUNT for the Three Years Ending
31st December, 1901.

		£	s. d.	£	s. d.
To Dr.					
Balance from Revenue Account No. II.					
(War period)				24,155	12 7
Depreciation—					
Machinery and Plant Account, 15 per cent.				18,637	4 0
off £124,247 19s. 10d.					
Workshops Machine Tools Account, 15 per				247	8 4
cent. off £1,649 8s. 9d.					
Electric Plant Account, 15 per cent. off				2,513	3 0
£16,754 6s. 6d.					
Assay Plant Account, 15 per cent. off £99				15	0 0
19s. 7d.					
Buildings Account, 15 per cent. off				3,037	16 8
£20,252 0s. 10d.					
Chlorination Plant Account, 15 per cent. off				3,728	10 10
£24,856 18s. 9d.					
Cyanide Plant Account, 15 per cent. off				3,608	0 11
£20,053 7s. 3d.					
Foundry Account, 15 per cent. off £203 12s. 8d.				30	10 11
Furniture Account, 15 per cent. off				109	1 6
£727 3s. 1d.					
Plantation Account, 15 per cent. off £326 6s.				48	18 11
Fencing Account, 15 per cent. off £333 4s. 3d.				49	19 8
Vehicles and Live Stock Account, 15 per cent.					
off £313 19s. 6d.				47	2 0
No. 1 Incline Shaft Account, 15 per cent. off				937	14 6
£6,251 9s. 11d.					
No. 2 Incline Shaft Account, 15 per cent. off				821	18 8
£5,479 10s. 7d.					
Dams and Reservoirs Account, 15 per cent.				685	12 2
off £4,570 14s. 7d.					
				33,918	1 3
Claims Account—					
Original Cost of 6'16 Claims sold to Robinson				26,200	0 0
Central Deep					
Investments Account—					
Rand Native Labour Association shares ..				494	15 0
Balance carried down				473,088	6 4
				557,856	15 2
Dividend No. 18 (8s. per share = 8 per cent.) ..	220,000	0	0		
Dividend No. 19 (5s. per share = 5 per cent.) ..	137,500	0	0		
				357,500	0 0
Balance to next account				465,778	14 9
				823,278	14 9
By Cr.					
Balance from Revenue Account No. 1 (milling period) ..	557,856	15	2		
Balance brought down				473,088	6 4
from year 1898				350,190	8 5
				823,278	14 9

GEO. ROULIOT, Chairman.
A. P. SCHMIDT, Secretary.
H. J. MACRAE, } Auditors.
C. L. ANDERSSON, }
Incorporated Accountants.

REVENUE AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT, No. 1,
For periods 1st January to 11th October, 1899, and 1st May
to 31st December, 1901.

		£	s. d.	£	s. d.
To Dr.					
Working Expenses :					
Mining Account—					
Stoping Quartz				111,322	8 0
Mine Maintenance Account—					
Repairs to Hauling and Pumping Gear and				17,703	11 9
Mine Plant					
				129,005	19 9
Milling Account—					
Crushing, Sorting, Transport to Mill, Water					
Supply, Assaying and Smelting				29,347	1 9
Mill Maintenance Account—					
Repairs to Mill, Pumps, Sorting and Crushing				6,096	15 1
Gear					
				35,443	16 10
Vanning Account—					
(Including Maintenance)				4,640	10 0
Cyaniding Account—					
(Including Maintenance)				23,948	19 2
Chlorination Account—					
(Including Maintenance)				6,204	8 7
General Maintenance Account—					
Repairs to Buildings, Roads, Tailings-Dams,					
Dams, &c.				5,285	11 8
General Account—					
Guards, Police, Water, Sanitary, &c. ..				9,950	18 2
European Agencies				1,578	19 3
General Expenses, Directors, Staff, Office,				17,605	6 8
&c., &c.					
				29,136	4 1
Mine Development—					
(Including Main Shafts)				24,284	19 10
Machinery, Plant, and Buildings				4,264	17 1
Plant Restoration Account—					
Extra Repairs to Plant after commencement					
of Milling				1,919	11 7
Robinson-Ferreira Dam, New Offices, New					
Tailings Haulage, Circulating Water Service,					
Removal Main Pump Station, Robinson Dam					
Extension, &c.				17,333	16 5
Special Charges—					
Bonus to Employes voted at General Meeting				2,025	0 0
Balance carried to Profit and Loss Account ..				557,856	15 2
				841,350	10 2

ROBINSON GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.—Continued.

Cr.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Revenue—						
Gold Account—						
Mill Gold	590,542	10	5			
Cyanide Gold	177,881	4	7			
Chlorination Gold from Own Concentrates	39,332	13	0			
				807,756	8	0
Slimes Account—						
Profit realised by Sale of Slimes				15,260	0	7
Sundry Revenue—						
Profit on Purchased Concentrates, Rents, Sale of Sand, &c.	12,696	15	3			
Interest on Cash	5,637	6	4			
				18,334	1	7

N.B.—GOLD ACCOUNT—The value of the Gold seized by the late Z.A.R. Government from train and at Mine, viz., £39,900 18s. 6d., is included in this amount.

841,390 10 2

GEO. ROULIOT, Chairman.
A. P. SCHMIDT, Secretary.

Examined and found correct.

H. J. MACRAE, } Auditors.
C. L. ANDERSSON, }
Incorporated Accountants.

REVENUE AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT, No. 2.
For the Period 12th October, 1899, to 30th April, 1901.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Expenses:						
Mining Account—						
Work done in Stopes, March and April, 1901	2,175	15	11			
Mine Maintenance—						
Expense of Preparing Mine	601	4	11			
				2,777	0	10
Pumping and Lighting Account—						
From date of British Occupation to 30th April, 1901 (not including Maintenance)				9,992	4	5
Milling Account—						
Labour, Power and Material at Mill, Crushers, Sorting Table and Pump Station, preparatory to starting				262	2	3
Cyaniding Account—						
Labour, Power, and Material, preparatory to restarting				111	3	11
General Account—						
Guards, Police, Water, Sanitary, &c.	5,459	15	1			
European Agencies	1,564	7	11			
General Expenses, Directors, Staff, Office, &c.	3,158	16	5			
				15,182	10	5
Plant Restoration Account—						
Expended in putting Plant into working order				6,314	10	6
Special Bonus Account—						
Bonus to Employees who remained at work until October, 1899	5,560	10	0			
Retention Pay Account	7,546	11	6			
				13,107	1	6
Plant and Stores Consumed or Removed during Boer Occupation—						
Traction Engine and Trucks	1,000	0	0			
Vehicles and Live Stock	348	8	0			
Bricks at yard	123	13	0			
Parts of New 60 Stamp Mill	1,382	16	0			
Stores and Provisions	12,507	3	7			
				15,360	0	7
Stock of Purchased Concentrates	21,933	17	9			
Stock of Own Concentrates	3,528	14	6			
				25,462	12	3
				88,571	15	8

Cr.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Receipts—						
Recovered Gold Account—						
Company's proportion of Gold recovered in Refinery after British Occupation	17,238	15	5			
Gold Recovered from various departments after British Occupation	41,408	12	6			
				58,647	7	11
Sundry Revenue—						
Rents of Stands, &c.	680	10	0			
Interest Account	5,088	5	2			
				5,768	15	2
Balance to Profit and Loss Account				24,155	12	7

N.B.—RECOVERED GOLD ACCOUNT—With the exception of the above, no account has been taken of the Gold extracted from the Mine by the Government of the late Z.A.R.

(This does not refer to the Gold produced prior to hostilities and seized on the train and at the Mine.)

88,571 15 8

GEO. ROULIOT, Chairman.
A. P. SCHMIDT, Secretary.

Examined and found correct.

H. J. MACRAE, } Auditors.
C. L. ANDERSSON, }
Incorporated Accountants.

Proceedings at the Twelfth Meeting of Shareholders' held in the Board Room, Exploration Buildings, on Wednesday, April 9th, 1902, at noon.

Present:—Mr. Geo. Rouliot (in the chair), Messrs. J. W. Phillip, L. Meyersbach, R. W. Schumacher, H. A. Rogers, W. H. Rogers, J. P. FitzPatrick, F. Spencer, A. Wilkinson, H. C. Boyd, H. W. Glenny, F. Drake, S. J. Jennings, H. B. Price, F. Barry, and A. P. Schmidt (secretary). The remaining shareholders were represented by proxy.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said:—
Gentlemen,—Your directors regret that they have not been able to comply with the provisions of the Articles of Association relating to the holding of general meetings; as you know, circumstances were such that no meeting could be held during the last two years. In order to let shareholders know the result of our operations during the portion of the year 1899 which preceded the outbreak of hostilities, we issued an interim report during 1900 giving all the information which we possessed, but as many records were not available, we could not attach duly certified accounts. It is only since the return of the population here that our auditors, having had access to all documents, have been able to submit properly audited balance sheet and accounts, and we have called this meeting at a sufficiently long notice to enable all shareholders to attend, or to be duly represented. The accounts submitted to you, although showing some considerable losses suffered by the Company, may be considered on the whole satisfactory. They practically cover three periods—the first, dating from the beginning of the year 1899 up to the 11th October, when the mine was seized by the late Boer Government; the second, covering what we call the war period, extending from the 11th October, 1899, to the 1st of May, 1901, during which the mine was either worked by the Boers or standing idle; and the third, from the 1st of May, 1901, when we resumed milling operations, up to the end of that year. During the first period referred to the profit, exclusive of depreciation, amounted to £436,480. This is the largest profit earned by the Company for a like period, and was due mainly to a reduction in the working expenses of 2s. 2½d. per ton, whilst the yield showed a slight increase owing to a more complete clean up of the works prior to the war. The majority of our employees, being British subjects, had to leave the country on the declaration of hostilities, and the mine was seized by the Boer Government and worked for its own benefit. The records which we have been able to obtain show that up to June, 1900, the Boer officials treated 129,310 tons of ore, which yielded £475,170 worth of gold. Upon the entry of British troops our representative here resumed possession and proceeded to clean up the works abandoned rapidly by the Dutch officials. We then recovered from various sources gold amounting to £44,527; the amount appropriated by the Boer Government is therefore only £430,640. A certain amount of bullion was at the same time under treatment in the refinery erected on our property by the Boer Government; this was also recovered and distributed amongst the companies which had their bullion refined, pro rata to the total amount of their contributions, the net share of the Robinson Company reaching £17,238. The revenue and expenditure account No. 2 for the war period is credited with the net amount realised by the recovered gold, after deducting the cost of cleaning up, thus showing a total of £58,647 as a set off against our losses. The debit side of this account shows the actual cash losses that have been sustained; they comprise the bonuses promised and paid to the men that remained at their post until the declaration of war, reduced pay allowed to the officials and staff during the war period, Mine Guard and Special Police up to the time of restarting the mill, general expenses, agencies, Capetown office—the whole totalling £28,290. After British occupation we had to clean up the mine and repair the machinery, which had been left in a very bad state by the Boers; this, with the cost of keeping the mine free of water until resumption of milling was authorised, amounted to £19,457. The greater part of our stores was consumed or removed by the Boer officials, all our live stock and vehicles disappeared, and under that heading an amount equal to £15,360 has been lost. Finally, our total stock of concentrates, representing £25,460, was treated under the Boer regime, so that the total cash losses suffered during that period, outside of the gold taken by the late Boer Government, amount to no less than £38,570. But, in addition, you must remember that, although the Boers extracted 129,310 tons of ore, they only developed 19,000, thus showing a shortfall of 110,000 tons, including the removal of 23,000 tons of ore already broken in the stopes; this alone represents a cash value to us of £20,000. Besides, we had £39,900 worth of gold seized in the mail train and at the mine prior to the outbreak of war, which figures in the balance sheet as a suspense account; payment has been demanded from the insurance companies for the value of this gold; the matter is still before the Court, and, should our contentions not be upheld, it would have to be added to the losses which I have just enumerated. On the other hand, the Chamber of Mines is laying claim to the gold still lying in the Pretoria Mint on behalf of the Companies whose gold had been taken by the Boer Government; we expect to recover under that head 5,077 ounces fine gold, worth £21,566, of our own gold, and, as there is also some of the refinery gold, our proportion of this will be 943 ounces, or £4,400, thus making a total recovery of £25,966. We may further recover a little more of what is in the shape of bye-products. Some shareholders may have seen a report published by the Acting State Mining Engineer, Mr. Munnick, upon the state of the Robinson's Company's mine and works when he took possession of it on the 13th October, 1899. The object of this report was so apparent that, as far as I know, no one has ever paid any attention to it. Everything is described as being in a most awful state; machinery, even entirely new parts which had hardly been used, is reported as being in want of extraordinary repairs. What has always puzzled me is to reconcile the statement made by Mr. Munnick, that it would take him two years to have everything put in order, and his boast a few weeks after he had taken charge that he was working better and cheaper than we ever did! Permission to restart milling was granted only in March, 1901; the company

ROBINSON GOLD MINING CO., LTD.

Continued.

took immediate steps to collect its employees and import stores. To the Robinson belongs the credit of being the first company to restart milling after the long period of idleness. Although official notification of the fact was made only on the 6th of May, when it had been arranged that the three first mines should restart simultaneously, we dropped 50 stamps on the 2nd May, and when our friends came to witness the reopening of the mill we were able to show them the first bars of gold produced on the Rand since the British flag had been hoisted in Johannesburg. The difficulties attending the restarting of the industry have been very great—everything was scarce, railway lines unsafe, we had to provide for the defence of the property; therefore the same results as formerly could not be expected. For the eight months ending 31st December last we made a profit of £121,374, exclusive of depreciation. The costs have risen to 20s. per ton, although we developed one-third less than what we crushed, but we had to include the cost of the Mine Guard and police, and, while we ran only 50 stamps, the bulk of general expenses remain about the same as if we ran the whole mill, so that altogether this figure is not excessive. On the other hand, our recovery shows a falling off of nearly 8s. per ton as compared with 1899; this is due to the fact that we had at the beginning to crush ore of an inferior quality—the Boer officials worked the best parts of some of the stopes, and in order to get the mine into shape we had to clear these stopes and mill what they had left behind; then the concentrates produced were stored, as they did not come in sufficient quantities to restart one of the chlorination furnaces; and, finally, no slimes were treated, so that we have been deprived of two ordinary sources of production. We expect that our returns will now go on improving until they reach again what they were before the war. One chlorination furnace has already restarted; we have received permission to drop another 50 stamps, which we hope to have in operation during the course of the present month; our 60 new stamps are practically ready to drop, although some of the cyanide plant is a little behind. We are certain that the full plant will be in readiness by the time when the supply of natives will allow of a resumption of milling on a full scale, so that the Robinson returns ought to soon at least be equal to what they were formerly. I have told you before that our ore reserves have been decreased by some 130,000 tons, but we shall soon have recovered this, as we are already developing every month several thousand tons more than we actually mill. However, as far as tonnage exposed is concerned, our mine is in an exceedingly sound position. Reckoning on the same basis as in 1898, we have 940,540 tons of mining ore exposed, and, deducting 33 per cent. for sorting, pillars, etc., it leaves us with 620,460 tons of milling ore, or two good years ahead of our future 200-stamp mill. I am further pleased to state that the ore which is now being opened up shows, not only the average thickness we had formerly, but also a fair improvement in value, so that, when crushing with our increased stamping power, we have reason to hope that the results per ton obtained before the war will be maintained. There may still be a slight decrease for some time to come, as no slimes will be treated for about a year. Our contract with the Rand Central Ore Reduction Company expired in June, 1900, as no terms satisfactory to us could be arranged for a renewal, and as we did not care to take over their plant, we have decided to erect one of our own. We are now carrying on experiments with filter presses, which have given great satisfaction in Australia, and according to the results which we obtain we shall decide upon what process shall be adopted. In any case I do not think we can have the plant ready for another year, during which time our slimes will be stored. The Robinson Company joined the other mines in the purchase of rolling material adapted to the transport of coal, new bunkers have been constructed which will allow the coal to be brought in bulk, and, as the earthworks of the southern line are completed, as soon as the rails are laid and we receive our coal straight into the bunkers, we shall realise a very great saving on our coal transport bill. Now turning to the financial position, out of the profits realised before the war, a dividend absorbing £220,000 was paid at the end of June, 1899. Owing to the uncertainty that prevailed during the war and the fears of possible destruction, the Directors deemed it wise to husband the resources and refrained from making any further distribution until the situation became clearer. When we considered that we were practically out of danger, we distributed, out of the profits realised before hostilities commenced, another dividend absorbing £137,500, and, now that the declaration of dividends has been resumed, they may be expected to come as regularly as heretofore. At the end of last year, after payment of our then existing liabilities, we had a clear cash balance of £114,000, to which must now be added the profits realised since the beginning of the year, which have averaged about £20,000 monthly; you can, therefore, see approximately what will be available for distribution next June, at the end of our half-year. We have also 40,119 Robinson Central Deep shares, on which there is still a liability of £6,950 to be paid up. I think that, taking all this into account, the position of the Robinson Company may be considered satisfactory, and I trust that it will continue to enjoy the proud position of being the premier mine on the Rand. Before concluding, I wish to express the thanks of the Board and the shareholders to our staff, whose loyalty and devotion to the interest of the company is beyond praise. They gave the Chamber of Mines the greatest assistance in the formation of the Mine Guard, when it became necessary to arrange a defence force for the Rand: one of your Directors, Mr. Schumacher, our General Manager and our office staff joined the corps and gave their services gratuitously to the protection of the mines and the town generally. We also greatly appreciate the conduct of most of our men, who, during this period of extreme difficulty, submitted to all the hardships that were imposed upon us, and gave their assistance to the restarting of the mining industry. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Albrecht, the Mine Secretary appointed by the Boer officials, who willingly gave us all information as to the accounts and work done during the Boer régime. On the other hand, I must express our extreme regret at the sad loss of our Mechanical Engineer, Major Seymour, who was killed in action. In him, not only I feel that I have lost a personal good friend, but the Rand generally, and the Robinson Company in particular, is deprived of the services of one of the most brilliant engineers that have been seen. It is to him that the great improvement of mechanical appliances on these fields is mainly due, and a very great deal of the success which the Robinson Company may attain will be owing to his exertions and to his knowledge.

Mr. Drake seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. J. P. Fitzpatrick then proposed the re-election of Mr. H. A. Rogers, the retiring Director, which was also carried, Mr. R. W. Schumacher seconding.

On the motion of the Chairman, seconded by Mr. L. Reyersbach, it was resolved that the Auditors, Messrs. H. J. Macrae and C. L. Andersson be reappointed, and that they be remunerated for the past audit at the rate of 100 guineas each per annum, the work having been exceptionally heavy.

The proceedings then terminated.

GELDENHUIS ESTATE AND GOLD MINING COMPANY

(ELANDSFONTEIN No. 1), LIMITED.

BALANCE SHEET showing Liabilities and Assets as at 31st December, 1901.

Dr.	LIABILITIES.	£	s.	d.
To Capital Account		200,000	0	7
Sundry Creditors		11,634	3	6
Balance, Profit and Loss		162,219	8	0
		£373,853	12	1
Cr.	ASSETS.	£	s.	d.
By Property Account (Mynpacht, Estate and Claims)		108,395	7	0
Battery (as per Schedule)		35,125	0	0
Buildings		14,902	19	0
Cyanide Works		19,132	0	0
Dams, Reservoirs, &c.		10,136	0	0
Furniture		439	0	0
Live Stock and Vehicles		258	0	0
Plant and Machinery		63,211	11	3
Railway Rolling Stock		2,255	11	6
Shafts (East and Main Inclines)		12,294	0	0
Slimes Works (as per Schedule)		26,339	0	0
Stores		4,132	5	5
Stores in transit		1,940	14	5
Tree Planting		447	12	6
Investment Account (Rand Mutual Assurance Co.'s Shares)		660	0	0
Sundry Debtors—				
Allianz Insurance Company, Limited		£26,354	0	2
Sundries		17,878	2	9
		44,232	2	11
Gold in By-Products		1,806	18	11
Gold from Slimes		42	10	6
Insurances Pre-paid		479	10	3
Cash—				
Fixed Deposit and Interest		£20,400	0	0
Cash at London		5,569	15	11
Cash at Johannesburg		1,425	8	1
Cash at Mine		178	4	5
		27,572	8	5
		£373,853	12	1

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for year ending 31st December, 1901.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Charges Account	4,879	4	8			
Hauling and Pumping	3,155	0	9			
Maintenance	9,010	15	9			
Audit Fees	210	0	0			
Bonus Account	500	0	0			
Medical Account	171	18	8			
Insurance of Gold	5	15	11			
Legal Charges	139	4	10			
Loss on Mealies	279	6	11			
Prospecting and Development	389	9	1			
Rand Rifles Mines Division	1,508	7	10			
Staff Retention Pay	610	0	0			
Obsolete Native Passes	43	14	0			
Native Labour Association, Share Account	522	0	0			
Native Wages (Cash on hand for Native Passes at 13/10/99 put to Native Wages and now written off)	126	6	0			
Stores Account (Amount debited to previous Working Charges and now accounted for)	1,300	0	0			
Gold Account (Difference between valuation and realisation of Gold sold to Standard Bank of South Africa, Limited)	437	17	8			
				23,289	2	1
Depreciation as per annexed Schedule				26,928	10	1
Balance to Balance-Sheet				162,219	8	7
				£212,437	0	9
Cr.	£	s.	d.			
By Balance from 31st December, 1900	211,950	19	1			
Central Mines Food Supply (Company's Share of Profit at Liquidation)				17	16	0
Estate Account				23	10	0
Farming Account				109	1	0
Interest and Discount Account				319	12	5
Rand Mutual Assurance Company (Adjustment of Account)				14	16	3
Warrant Fees				1	6	0
				£212,437	0	9

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